JOHN BULL, APRIL 19, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1244.
Vol. XLVII.

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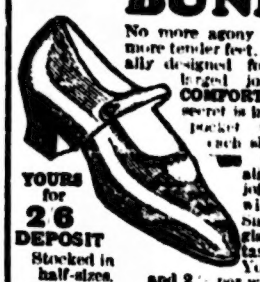

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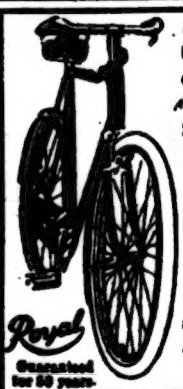

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY.
for Week ending Saturday, April 5th, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

A LOT of rubbish is being talked about the agricultural policy which the Government proposes to announce in the near future.

There have been suggestions that it will embody a guaranteed 55s. a quarter price to the farmers for home-grown wheat. It will not.

It has been suggested that there will be subsidies in aid of certain crops. There will not.

* * *

What there will be, however, is a very strict system of marketing, with a view to grading crops and stabilising prices, and on a compulsory basis, something like that of the coal marketing scheme. With no "weak sellers" outside the marketing scheme, therefore, to play into the hands of the middleman, the farmer will be able to get a much better price for his produce, without the need for any additional charge to the consumer.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Government is proceeding with its enquiries into the possibility of setting up Meat and Wheat Import Boards, in conjunction with the Dominions.

Without trace

Professor Oswald Hamm, of Berlin, is reported to be experimenting on an "invisible" torpedo.

At present torpedoes, propelled by compressed air, leave a wake on the surface of white air-bubbles. This often enables look-outs on ships to discern their approach, and by the ship's course being altered the torpedo-attack is avoided.

Dr. Hamm declares that his experiments cannot violate Germany's Versailles obligations not to build or experiment with submarine warcraft. They are all carried out by him as a private individual.

But from where does he get the money for such costly experimental work?

Air-pirates

Shortly a series of manœuvres by the Royal Air Force is to take place against merchant shipping. The object is to verify the contention long held by practical sailormen that with modern machines it would be possible to prevent any merchant-ship reaching port unless defensive planes could be used against the ships themselves.

On the other hand, any modern fast merchantman equipped with planes could hold up and destroy a fleet of food, munition or troop ships without the slightest difficulty.

Banks' bunkum

In spite of everything that Mr. Thomas has said concerning the banks' hesitating attitude to industrial needs, the rigid policy of the Big Four to-day is to call in every possible loan.

It is a farce and a mockery to pretend that the banks are willing to help industry.

The other day a large firm with a well-known name was actually refused money by a big bank to buy raw material, although orders were waiting to be fulfilled for the manufactured product.

Plenty of similar cases are occurring every day. There is something wrong somewhere.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Truth about Farming Plan

Ready for Air-Pirates

Rod for Absentees

Spreading the net

The Treasury is now devising ways and means of making those British subjects who draw their incomes from this country, but live abroad in order to dodge taxation here, amenable to the law.

There are very many flagrant offenders who, while taking thousands of pounds yearly out of the country, evade all taxation by claiming to be domiciled abroad.

The scheme now under consideration contemplates taxing these dodgers rather more heavily than if they lived at home.

Cold truth

While we welcome the signing of the Three-Power Pact as heartily as anyone, we are not inclined to be too critical of Italy and France for remaining aloof.

Britain, America and Japan are cutting expenditure mainly on big ships, which are obsolete in any case. If Italy and France made proportionate cuts, it would have to be in lighter craft, which are not obsolete.

* * *

The saving of expense, calculated to be anything up to £100,000,000 in the next six years for Britain, is excellent.

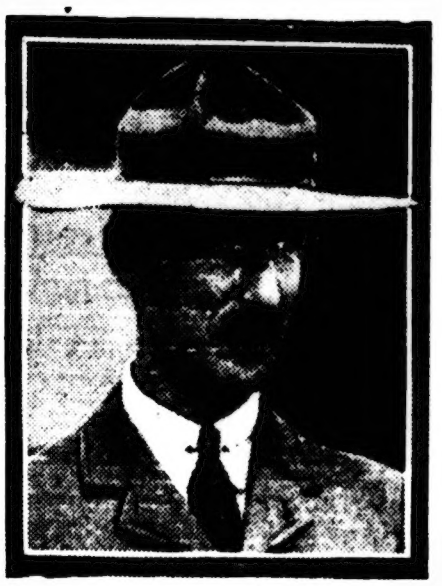
But do not forget that, since the limitation of aircraft construction has not yet been mentioned by the Powers, world peace, as we said at the beginning of the conference, is no nearer.

Boy Scouts next?

Now that the Secretary for War is killing off the cadets corps of the kingdom after next September, it is understood that Mr. Shaw contemplates hitting a shrewd blow at the Boy Scouts, as being of a "militarist character."

Upon what grounds he could interfere here, however, is very difficult to discover, since the Scouts draw no funds from the Government, and are not in any sense or form under the control of the War Office.

We advise the Secretary for War to leave the Scouts alone.



Lord Hampton, "B.P.'s" second-in-command, will scotch the notion

Good news

It will be good news for thousands of idle workers in the Tees area to learn that a huge dock is to be constructed on a site of 267 acres on the north bank of the river Tees.

This has been brought about by the action of the British Chemical Industries.

An agreement is being drawn up between the Tees Commissioners and the company which will give the latter the right to construct a dock, a factory, and to provide for the deposit of waste products for use in the reclamation of land along the tidal foreshore at Port Clarence.

The Augean cow-house

About one million out of three million cows in milk or in calf react to the tuberculin tests. This represents a depreciation in value of at least two million pounds.

The tuberculosis order is useless because it aims only at slaughtering animals after they have been infected for some considerable time. There is no systematic examination of animals, nor any indication that cases of infection are decreasing.

* * *

A new scheme, to be State-aided, is to support "accredited" herds and "accredited" areas. It will gradually weed out all the animals which are infected.

"JOHN BULL'S" NET PAID SALES

THE DIRECTORS,
MESSRS. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We have examined the Company's Accounts and Records relating to the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL and certify that the Net Sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:

Jan.	4	1,356,554	Feb.	15	1,343,532
,,	11	1,347,253	,,	22	1,350,476
,,	18	1,340,421	Mar.	1	1,361,369
,,	25	1,334,659	,,	8	1,366,531
Feb.	1	1,339,271	,,	15	1,384,213
,,	8	1,341,219	,,	22	1,388,940

March 29 .. 1,389,644

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) FRANKLIN, WILD & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

Orient House, 42-45, New Broad St., London, E.C.2.
April 8, 1930.

Why it pays

The market for stolen jewellery is much "easier" than it was a year ago. The increasing prevalence of smash-and-grab raids proves this.

Thieves engaged in this line of industry are getting too good prices from receivers.

To some extent the jewellers are to blame. Many of them do not ask enough awkward questions when strangers bring in goods to sell.

A favourite tale is being told with diamond rings just now: "I bought this for my fiancée, but the engagement is off. I'll take any reasonable offer."

Decent jewellers prefer to make close enquiries rather than snatch at a doubtful bargain.

What was promised?

Between July, 1915, and January, 1916, correspondence passed between Sir Henry McMahon, Britain's representative, and the Sheriff Hussein in Palestine.

Succeeding Governments have maintained the greatest secrecy about the contents of these letters. The recent Commission of Enquiry was supplied with so garbled a summary that it put it aside as hopelessly misleading.

The Arab population believe that this correspondence promised them complete independence.

Frank and full publication is the only way out.

Another organ?

A new daily newspaper, with a million pounds behind it, is prophesied by a new group of promoters.

This newspaper, which will be known as the *Call*, is to be owned and directed by a number of men and women, all apparently of equal responsibility.

The two sexes are to have an equal share in the ownership and direction of it.

One of the most remarkable conditions is that nobody may hold more than 200 £1 shares.

The *Call* is to be unfettered by politics or vested interests.

Needed military reform

The rather curious military regulation by which Field-Marshals are retained on full pay for life is likely to be reviewed soon.

Admirals of the Fleet are called upon to retire, either under an age-limit or when they have been unemployed for a specified period.

Why is there not a similar rule in the Army?

There are now seven Field-Marshals in the Army, excluding those of Royal birth, each of whom will go on drawing full pay, with allowances for the maintenance of chargers, etc., so long as he lives.

Royal annuities

A matter that the King would like to see the House of Commons take in hand with as little further delay as possible is the complete revision of Royal annuities as at present distributed.

Several of the older annuities are becoming so split that they will presently be absurdly small.

That originally granted to the late Princess Christian, for instance, is now divided between her surviving children, and in the event of any of them leaving direct descendants these would be entitled to equal proportions.

The Treasury may shortly deal with this anomaly.

Keep it up, Margaret!

The Minister of Labour at least is "genuinely seeking work"—for the unemployed.

Miss Bondfield was much concerned on going to the Ministry of Labour to find how little was being done by the employment exchanges to fulfil their original functions.

So she hustled the Department a little and reorganised staffs in many of the exchanges so as to set some officials free to concentrate on work-finding.

In the last quarter jobs were found through the employment exchanges for 405,000 persons—an increase of nearly 40,000 on the preceding quarter.

Lighten our darkness

New telephone-booths are springing up everywhere; but while they incorporate the very latest dialing system, the provision of electric-lighting has in many cases been overlooked.

This means that after nightfall they are absolutely useless.

The dialing system in itself can be puzzling enough, but how can anyone be expected to hold the receiver, keep on striking matches and dial the number simultaneously?

Backbone removed

Our repeated exposures of the raids of foreign fish poachers on our coasts have not yet stirred the Government to action.

On the other hand, suspected cases of British fishers in foreign waters continue to be dealt with very harshly.

The Hull trawler *Commander Evans* has been fined £694, together with confiscation of the catch and all fishing-gear, by the Icelandic court at Reykjavik.

Labour candidates in coastal constituencies will pay for the Government's inaction in this matter.

A happy town

Although Mr. Justice McCardie recently asserted that London is the cheapest place to live in, that enviable distinction appears to belong rather to Grantham, in Lincolnshire.

There the town council is about to erect another fifty-two houses, which will make a total of over three hundred dwellings provided for the working-classes since the end of the war.

These houses are the cheapest in the country, the inclusive rents ranging from 3s. 9d. to 5s. a week.

Home from home

Here is a scandalous case.

Ethel Webb, a fifteen-year-old girl, of Bromley, Kent, is a little difficult—she has a will of her own; that's all.

Having had an unhappy home life, she went voluntarily to the Rochester Diocesan Association's Home for Girls.

The home got her a job as a kitchen-maid, which she did not like. So she said she would go to London to look for work.

This she obtained, but was brought back to the home, until, in a fit of hysteria, she threatened suicide, as a silly girl would.

And just imagine! For that she has been haled before the Bench, and *sentenced to four years in a reformatory.*

It seems incredible. We call upon the Home Secretary to wipe out this monstrous act of tyranny.

Wreckers' island

The master of the steamer *Wheatplain*, wrecked on Tory Island, off the Donegal coast, may have been pleased at first to know that it was inhabited. Now he is not.

He alleges that the inhabitants looted the wreck thoroughly, even the crew losing their kit.

Many similar complaints have been made against these islanders in the past.

An occasional call by a gunboat would be salutary.

Swamped

With the present immigration tendency, it looks as though it will not be so very long before Canada ceases racially to be a British country.

If You See It—" *continued*

Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, dare not be blind to this

In 1924, more than one half of the settlers who entered Canada were British. In 1928, the last year recorded, the proportion was only one third.

Meanwhile the influx of Poles, Germans, Czecho-Slovaks, citizens of the United States, and others has increased alarmingly.

Just over 4,000 Poles entered Canada in 1924. In 1928 the figure was nearly 19,000. Twenty thousand U.S. citizens in 1924; 25,000 in 1928.

Britain is still the biggest single nation sending settlers to Canada; but for every one Britisher who settles there there are two foreigners.

Why no appeal?

Questions in the House of Commons still pop up concerning the abolition of the seven years' time-limit as laid down in the War Pensions Act, 1921.

To these the Minister of Pensions invariably replies that the new arrangements "will effectively secure that no bar is raised to the making or consideration of a claim."

It is not added that, when a claim is rejected, the applicant has no right of appeal to the independent Pensions Appeal Tribunal.

Yet this is so, and we strongly protest. Permanent officials in such cases must not be allowed the last word.

Rivetless ships

An unadvertised achievement in connection with the new German cruiser *Ersatz Preussen* is that the hull is welded. Not a single rivet is used in the ship.

This saves 600 tons, which allows for extra speed and extra armament.

The all-round adoption of the rivetless ship, the first of which was launched at Richborough during the war, would be serious for the riveter in the shipyards.

It would mean that, unless these men could be absorbed to work as welders, some 30,000 to 40,000 would ultimately be thrown on the "dole."

Rivetless ships are already building in America and Germany.

Hurled across space

If the German air-lines establish a service to link up Ireland, Hull and Hamburg, Professor Searles, of Hull University College, suggests that Liverpool be included in the service, which would eventually mean an express between Liverpool and Hull.

The German aim is to save nineteen hours on an Atlantic voyage to and from Hamburg, and to link up with its huge Continental system of air-services.

If the Germans carry out a further suggestion of adopting seaplanes and launching catapults from their crack liners 500 miles from each side of the Atlantic, a day will be saved on the urgent services from America to the Continent.

Mons-trous

Thomas Telfer is a Mons man. He lives in a van at Roose, near Barrow. You would think they would let him alone there.

But they charge the hero rates on his van. (Can they?) He has been out of work eleven years out of twelve. You see, he is a war cripple.

The case is adjourned. He has £2 11s. 6d. to pay.

So now you know why some folk think it was silly to fight at Mons.

Only a dog

The Bideford magistrates are queer birds.

John Redley Netheway, of Orchard Hill, Northam, was before them, charged with causing unnecessary suffering to a dog.

It was alleged that the dog was tied to a wall, and Netheway pelted it with an iron bar, 10 ft. long. The condition of the dog afterwards does not bear description.

Netheway's defence was that the dog had attacked his child, and he thought it ought to be destroyed.

The case was dismissed.

Dogs must be cheap at Bideford.

Potterism

A man named E. J. Potter is urgently wanted. He gets credit for board and lodging on the strength of being at the Air Ministry. His luggage is held up somewhere. After a while he fades away.

One of his latest victims is Mr. John Matthews, of 80, Gonville Road, Thornton Heath Road.

As a fact, he was a clerk at the Air Ministry seven years ago, but was dismissed.

Should he change his name, he will be recognised from this description: About 6 ft., clean-shaven, age about thirty, dark blue eyes, brown wavey hair. Talks of Woking and India; says he has suffered from the heat, and has had malaria.

Winding 'em up

After a suggestion that the whole company was a fraud, started solely for the purpose of obtaining money from old gentlemen, Mr. Justice Maugham made an order for the compulsory winding-up of the British Mutual Investment Trust, Ltd.

His key for the clock

The concern was started by a man named Worley and a man named Grimes, otherwise Graham, an undischarged bankrupt, the company being formed in the name of Grimes' son.

Grimes is an old and very undesirable acquaintance, who was associated with the Throgmorton Pool Association and the Southern Racing Canine Stadium Founders' Syndicate, Ltd., other companies which have come under our notice.

Bathe in comfort

A Wallsend firm has shown the authorities how to overcome the oil menace at our seaside resorts by establishing an oil-separator at its works. The Tyne is now free from floating oil.

As the result of a collision between a German tanker and a French steamer, serious trouble has arisen at Channel coast-resorts, and miles of beach have been covered with black crude-oil.

We suggest that the municipalities should jointly contribute to the installation of an oil-separating plant on a vessel which could be employed in scooping up the oil with a wide, flat funnel slightly submerged.

The quantity of oil recovered might almost pay the expense involved. The surface of the sea could be swept as clean as a pavement.

A losing hazard

It seems hard.

J. Welsh was employed as manager of a billiard-room by the Cardiff

Sir Henry McMahon, Y.M.C.A. President. Does he [illegible]?

Y.M.C.A. He is partly de[illegible] Foreign coins were passe[illegible]

He caught an alleged [illegible] took him to the secretar[illegible] made his accusation, he [illegible] cally called a liar, and hit [illegible]

For that he was sacked [illegible] out of unemployment ben[illegible] was *employed by a charit[illegible] sation.*

So this is charity!

Very busy, if—

There is great activity a[illegible] don firms who are intere[illegible] financing of orders from [illegible] we learn that negotiations [illegible] proceeding smoothly since th[illegible] ment informed Russia that [illegible] not be executed until finan[illegible] could be arranged.

The strong hope now [illegible] engineering shops and fa[illegible] soon be as busy as those [illegible] turning out machinery and [illegible] implements for Russia.

The old game

In certain factories and [illegible] in the North of England [illegible] not "factories" or "worksh[illegible] the relevant Acts, children [illegible] fourteen and sixteen travel [illegible] morning to get to work [illegible] about ten shillings a week [illegible] which they lay out in fa[illegible]

When they reach sixte[illegible] sacked, so as to dodge the [illegible] ment Insurance Act.

"Privilege of peerage"

We are glad that the [illegible] the peerage who in recent [illegible] had to defend themsel[illegible] criminal charges have not [illegible] their archaic right to "tr[illegible] peers."

Trial by the full House [illegible] volved enormous cost, in[illegible] and delay, and it is time th[illegible] tating anachronism were s[illegible] to join, in the limbo of [illegible] quarian procedure, trial by [illegible] cunning criminal's refug[illegible] combat (the bravo's safe[illegible] privilege of clergy, under [illegible] one who could read and wr[illegible] the dog, immunity for a "[illegible]

Stocking snowball

What is the connection [illegible] stockings and the Calcut[illegible] —The Calcutta Stocking C[illegible]

In order to get a share [illegible] for the great sweep, all y[illegible] do is to buy two pairs of la[illegible] ings and induce six friends [illegible] wise.

The Calcutta Stocking C[illegible] office on the second floor of [illegible] Street, W.C. It has paid s[illegible] rent in advance, and has [illegible] a few weeks.

The person ultimately [illegible] appears to be Ernest Alf[illegible] usually of 9, Hillbeck Way.

He knows by now that h[illegible] handle any Calcutta sw[illegible] much less pass them o[illegible] tickets are never issued in [illegible] draw.

NEWSPAPER TYRANT *Unmasked*

The life of Britain's most powerful individual enemy is here laid bare by the scathing pen of a man who knows him intimately

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST! Who and what is this fabulous American, hated and feared and courted by the great, mighty but ridiculous, genius yet fool, England's bitterest enemy?

I have known Hearst; I have even worked for him. I am asked to describe him. It would be as easy to describe the colour-scheme of a chameleon, to write an essay on the geometrical patterns in a kaleidoscope. Everything in him and about him contradicts everything else.

Whenever this country has stood in deadly peril Hearst has attacked her. Hearst invented poisoned-gas before ever the Germans thought of it.

His personal and outrageous slanders against the Prime Minister this month, in an effort to destroy the Naval Conference, are fresh in memory.

Who else on earth would write such stuff about a man whom he had compared to Jesus Christ six months before? Ask Hearst to explain the discrepancy. He will only turn lankily upon you, with Lord Balfour's charm of manner and smile his shy, kind smile.

The most astonishing thing about Hearst is that he is sixty-seven years old. He seems to embody to-day, as when in 1887, at the age of twenty-four, he founded the new journalism that has conquered America and half-conquered the world, the spirit of eternal youth.

His mischiefs and his pranks are those of a boy.

This man once ordered his office in London to blow up a British ship and block the Suez Canal. He started one unjust war. He did his best to lose the greatest and most just of all wars, and nearly succeeded.

He supported Germany after his country had declared for the Allies with a reckless courage that all but ruined him, and might well have cost him his life.

Then, on the edge of the abyss, he characteristically ratted.

Can it be denied that he hates Britain?

And yet Hearst has bought a ruined castle in Cornwall, restored it with loving care, announces his intention of living in it, and is transporting thither from America a vast fortune of treasures in English art and furniture, ravished from England, by himself and others, in the past.

The Home Office will not oppose the return of some small part of England's artistic heritage, but will it welcome Mr. Hearst as a resident in this island?

This suave, courteous, mild-mannered, modest despot, with a voice, so the poet Ambrose Bierce has written, "like the fragrance of violets made audible," does not lack for homes. He has three or four, nobody knows how many, in New York City.

ONCE he offered a friend a drink, early in the morning, and took him to one of his apartments. He rang. No answer. He found an axe in the butler's pantry, and haughtily chopped open half a dozen antique wine-cupboards until he found the bottle he wanted.

In Mexico it is seventy-three miles from Hearst's front gate to his house, and sixty miles from the house to the rear gate, but it is not in New York nor Cornwall nor Mexico, but at San Simeon in California, that this man is creating the most magnificent monument to himself.

For fifty miles he owns the shore of the Pacific, his estates cover 400 miles, and upon "The Enchanted Hill" Hearst is rearing not one palace, but a group of palaces, at a cost of scores of millions.

Hearst is building there, not for himself, but for posterity. He has planted a whole forest of tiny trees that will grow after several centuries into huge redwoods. Nature's skyscrapers, 400 ft. high and 90 ft. in circumference.

Hearst is the cruellest and kindest of men. A great cartoonist, Homer Davenport, was discovered and launched by Hearst. Davenport deserted the master, attacked him. For years Davenport's savage onslaughts did Hearst incalculable harm.

At last Davenport was poor, dying. Hearst wrote him a letter of one line: "Dear Davvy —Come home." The cartoonist came. Hearst treated him until his death with princely generosity.

And yet Hearst loves to play with human fortunes as a cat plays with mice. He raises men up to wealth and fame, and then dashes them down again, mysteriously, no reason given, no appeal against the caprice of the tyrant.

He is Oriental-minded. One can see him, in other days, as the open-handed Calif Haroun al Raschid the Magnificent.

HEARST might not disown for his motto Swinburne's lines:

> "The implacable, beautiful tyrant,
> Rose-crowned, having death in his hands."

Most Americans believe that the Spanish-American war is debited to his account.

He sent Frederick Remington, the artist, to Cuba to portray Spanish atrocities. Remington cabled the master that all was quiet and he wanted to come home.

"You furnish the pictures and I will furnish the war," Hearst is said to have replied. This was in 1898, in his early days, only a decade after he had started out with his father's fortune of $700,000 behind him to revolutionise journalism.

To-day, Hearst personally owns seventy-two companies, shouts at twenty million people every day in his newspapers, and makes a profit of at least £3,000,000 a year out of his properties.

Yet so great is his personal extravagance that he is often hard pressed for money. That matters nothing. A new idea, and more millions pour in.

Hearst has one human weakness, he fears death. In the "morgues" of his mighty newspapers, obituary notices stand ready for publication concerning every man in the world of the slightest importance—excepting William Randolph Hearst.

He has given orders that he alone shall have no "obit" prepared. Does he believe himself immortal? If he did, he would not refuse to look at a corpse, nor even ever to attend a funeral.

Hearst ordered his newspapers to make him President of the United States in 1904. There never was such a campaign, and they nearly succeeded.

There are many William Randolph Hearsts bound up in one personality, but, as his savage attack on the Premier shows, he is consistent in one thing—an implacable hatred of all things British

This was three years after Hearst had been hanged in effigy all over the country after the assassination of President McKinley.

His New York organ, attacking the doomed McKinley, had remarked: "If bad institutions and bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done."

Hearst kept America out of the Great War for months if not years.

The German Propaganda Director in the United States, in a secret report, said that the Hearst Press, "with their sharply anti-English tendencies, are much more effective in support of our cause than newspapers with pronounced German orientation could be."

Here is one of Hearst's prize gems: "America is not only being starved for the benefit of warring Europe, but is being plundered of its wealth as well."

After America declared war Hearst kept up his old policy. "Let us keep our men, money and supplies on this side of the water."

On July 27, 1918, Hearst demanded immediate peace, denouncing sending "a million of our splendid young Americans every year to a war which may last from seven to ten years to be offered up in bloody sacrifice."

During this period coloured reproductions of the American flag covered the Hearst papers, and the New York *Tribune* printed an article entitled "Coiled in the Flag, HEARS-S-S-S-T."

IT stated that since America entered the war the Hearst papers had printed seventy-four attacks on the Allies, seventeen defences or praise of Germany, and sixty-three of anti-war propaganda.

What sort of journalism is it that has piled up this vast fortune created by a man termed by Governor Al Smith "a pestilence that walks in the dark"?

Hearst's own directions to his editors sum up his journalistic creed in one sentence: "Get excited when the public is excited."

One final paradox. This foe of England is, on both sides, of Scotch-English blood.

The tombstones of his recent ancestors, inscribed Hearst, stand in a Salisbury churchyard.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

THE SLEUTH *at Westminster*

Ramsay's Pigeon-holes—Below-the-Belt Boxing
Electric Happiness

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE,
31, Portland Place, London, W.

DEAR EDGAR,—Your proposal to act for the Talkies (Parliament), in a Liberal capacity, is very exciting.

At first I had the idea that your role would be that of a burglar, breaking in to find plots. But the Gunpowder Plot is out of date, and the modern Parliamentary plot often takes place in the City.

I am convinced now that you are casting yourself as a policeman, and that you are bent on securing right of entry, with a people's warrant, in order to find evidence of corruption.

Poor Edgar! I venture to predict that you will be bored to tears. If there are villains in the House, they are very dull villains, whom you would not tolerate in a novel or a play.

But I admire you pluck. You will deserve well of your countrymen if you can change this dull show into a thriller.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street, London, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Some time ago I drew your attention to the enormous expense of setting up Royal and other Commissions on a variety of subjects of doubtful interest and importance.

It is not very comforting to the taxpayer to be told by one of your Ministers that since the present Government took office, some thirty-six weeks ago, thirty-six commissions and committees have been appointed.

You can at any rate see that recommendations made are acted upon.

JOHN BULL.

Sir SEFTON BRANCKER, K.C.B.,
Director of Civil Aviation

DEAR SIR SEFTON,—I am all in favour of rapid progress in our air services, but this scheme of landing-places in London and the larger cities needs careful thought.

By the time we are ready for aerodromes on railway-station roofs the whole aspect of land and air travel may be altered.

Remember the infinite trouble we have had because of overlapping and inefficient railways.

You and your colleagues must not allow yourselves to be hustled into ill-considered schemes.

JOHN BULL.

Miss DORIS ROUND,
Worcester

DEAR DORIS,—Delighted you are doing so well at tennis. But don't let them persuade you that you are already the peer of Suzanne. You aren't. You have still lots to learn.

All our young stars have been spoiled in turn by injudicious praise.

Don't you be spoiled!

JOHN BULL.

LORD LONSDALE, K.G.,
14, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

MY LORD,—I am sure that, though you are glad that the National Sporting Club has secured a fine site in Mayfair and proposes to erect palatial premises at a cost of £250,000, you have some inward qualms.

For you are one of the good old English school of sportsmen who valued clean sport above everything. And you must feel, as I do, that the one pressing duty of such a body as the N.S.C. is to clean up boxing.

You are moving along the right lines to this end as President of the Boxing Board of Control.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—Have you noticed the latest recommendations of the German Federal Health Council, which are expected to be adopted by the German Government?

They propose not only the consideration of conscientious objection to vaccination, but the abolition of prosecution to enforce vaccination.

This practically amounts to the abandonment of compulsory vaccination in Germany. You might do worse than follow this lead.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN BROOKE, C.B.,
Electricity Commissioner

DEAR SIR,—Naturally you want to boost the value of your supply. And I am sure that everybody will welcome the introduction of electric labour-saving devices into the ordinary British home. For the domestic-service problem *is* acute, especially in the lower middle-class.

But when you say that the future housewife will have many outside interests, what do you mean?

As a matter of fact, women will soon re-discover that no outside interests are such good fun as making and running a home.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. STALIN,
Moscow

DEAR SIR,—It is very nice and generous of you to offer Albert Coates £10,000 a year as director of the Moscow Opera. And I recognise the dig at Britain, which does so little to help the arts.

Yet it occurs to me that you might as well pay your debts before you launch out so magnificently.

The fact that President Kalinin is telling Russian workmen to tighten their belts might argue that you are hard up. But that's only in foodstuff. In cash you are positively bulging.

So what about the money you owe to British creditors? As at present arranged, *they* will be paying Albert, not you.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. PHILIP B. BALLARD,
School Inspector, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—You say that you find the native wit of the London child is largely superficial smartness. That is a baseless slander.

Witty children, dull children, superficial children, and profound children are to be found everywhere. Such generalisations as yours are just silly.

You have done forty-four years of educational work in London. I wonder if the London child knows more about you than you know about him or her?

No, sir, like Englishmen generally, the Cockney has a thick skin, and has for long stood to be a cockshy. It's about time the amusement stopped.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

Miss REBECCA WEST: "For the average woman success is nearly always qualified. The great prizes remain man's monopoly."

But many a successful man regards his wife as his greatest prize.

• • •

MR. P. MALCOLM STEWART: "Rationalisation is the application of common-sense to industrial problems."

Common-sense should find a shorter word and a surer solution.

• • •

ARTHUR GREENWOOD: "The most dangerous occupation in the country is the occupation of the mother."

The pre-occupation of the father is worse.

• • •

SIR ARTHUR BALFOUR: "There is too much desire nowadays to amuse everybody."

Yes! And man was born for something nobler than amusement.

• • •

REV. C. H. SHARPE: "The present age is shallow, sloppy, and inaccurate."

It always is.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sister Aimee McPherson sings—

The £ONG, £ONG TRAIL

THOUGH items bad
Of news we've had
Of late, here is a worse 'un:
In England we
No more will see
Dear Sister A. McPherson.

Sin stalks our land,
From strand to strand,
And Satan's wiles enslave us;
But Aimée Mac
Will not come back
To succour and to save us.

But, still, who knows?
When other shows
Begin to pall and bore us,
Charles Cochran may
Yet see his way
To hire her angel chorus!

Well, folks, here I am again! But I guess you're not going to get another chance to hear me in your Albert Hall, for the dollars I collected when I came to save England from Satan and hustle you all to Paradise were not enough to keep me in lipstick, much less pay my Hot Gospel Beauty Chorus.

Those ribald verses I've just read you were composed by an English doggerel-merchant who writes for a weekly paper whose name I will not pollute my chapped lips by mentioning.

(You've heard, of course, of how my lips got chapped on the voyage over from lil' ole Noo Yark to Cherbourg, which was why I had to use lipstick?)

Well, I've just read you that rhyme to show the sort of thing I'm up against when dealing with the English. Seems to me you English boobs jus' don't wanter be saved.

But I reckon when Gabriel sounds the Last Saxophone you'll sort of realise that there was something in the goods Aimée came to sell you and you wouldn't buy.

Anyway, I guess I told off some of your newspaper boys when they interviewed me at Cherbourg. There were great big tears in their beautiful eyes when I announced that I would never again set foot in "ungodly, unsympathetic England."

I'll tell the world, Paris is a sink of iniquity. My only reason for visiting the sinful place is to buy some clothes. But compared with London, Paris is like Main Street in a Plymouth Brethren village.

Say, when I was last in this part of the world I gave the vice-dens of Montmartre the once-over; but what I saw in London there was nix to what I saw. Believe me, my sixty singing angels were just one big bluah all the time they were in your country.

So, while England is going to the devil I and my handmaidens are going to Jerusalem to spread the Four-Square Gospel.

Jerusalem the golden is good enough for me,
For there I'll fight with Beelzebub and snare some £ s. d.
Calling in on Paris, just to buy a dress or two,
Then off with all my girls like a peripatulating zoo.

Round the world and home again, back to U.S.A.,
Fighting in and picking up the shekels on the way;
For £ s. d. is what I need, especially the pounds,
To pave the long, long trail that leads to happy lipstick grounds.

Give Yourselves a PAT on the BACK

by A. G. GARDINER

WHILE the eyes of the world are turned upon Mahatma Gandhi's frenzied attempt to set India in a blaze, let us look at the case on which that attempt rests.

It is that this country is the oppressor of subject races, that we have grown great and rich out of the miseries of others, and that until we are driven, bag and baggage, out of India that country cannot become the idyllic paradise it would have been if we had never set foot in it.

The view is popular among all our enemies. In Russia, in France, even in America, John Bull is represented as a sort of slave-driver, whose only interest in the peoples he rules is the profit he can make out of them.

I had a letter the other day from a friend who is lecturing in America—a man who lived in India for years, and is a devoted friend of the Indian people.

Malicious lies

He is in despair at the malignant campaign of slander of this country which is being carried on by Indian agitators throughout the States, and at the welcome which is given to that campaign by all the anti-British elements in America.

This picture of John Bull as an exploiter and oppressor of subject races is, I believe, the most unfounded indictment in history.

I am no Imperialist in theory. I believe in self-government wherever self-government is possible. I think that the aim of administration of backward races should be directed to the goal of self-government.

But it is idle to pretend that self-government would be a blessing to the Hottentot or the Congolese in his present stage of development. And it is false to say that in our relations with subject races our record is that of an oppressor and an exploiter.

I do not say that that record is without stain; but I do say that taken as a whole it furnishes one of the most splendid chapters in human history.

Let us glance at a few aspects of that record. Take, first, as a contrast, the condition of China and the condition of India to-day.

China, without any helping hand in the struggle, is a land of horrors. For years it has been trampled by rival war lords, who ravish, burn and destroy the wretched population in turn. Famine and plague lay the country waste. There is famine now. Two million have died. Two millions more are doomed.

I read in *Harper's Magazine* recently (and I commend that article to those Americans who are so indignant at our presence in India) a terrifying description of the devilries of the war lord who is devastating Shantung.

Before those devilries literally millions of the population are in flight to Manchuria, amid scenes of horror that make the blood run cold.

That is China. Turn to India. It would be the same there but for British rule. But it is not the same.

For a century India has had an internal peace that few countries have enjoyed. That peace she owes to us. The reign of rapine and slaughter which had been her experience in the past is a memory.

In its place she has been given a reign of law that has made life secure, property safe, the poorest "untouchable" entitled to equal justice. We have obliterated the plagues and the cholera epidemics that used to ravage the people. We have obliterated the periodical famines that slew them by the million. We have given them sanitation.

Through the vast irrigation schemes we have made the desert blossom as the rose. We have delivered them from the exactions of the money-lenders who battened on them. Our Army has given them police within and protection against menace from without.

Meanwhile we have promoted the cause of education and developed, stage by stage, the art of self-government.

The people have been taxed, but their taxes have been applied to the improvement of their own estate, the raising of their standard of life and their protection from perils within and without.

The people know

You will hear nothing of this from the agitators who poison the mind of the world against this country. You will hear nothing of it from the poor, frenzied Gandhi, whose grievance is not against us, but against modern Western civilisation.

You will hear nothing of it from those turbulent spirits who want to exploit India as the war lords exploit China. You will hear nothing of it from the Hearst Press in America or the Soviet Press in Russia.

But the people of India know it. They know that British justice is their only defence against horrors which, if they were unloosed, would make the case of India as desperate as the case of China.

Let us turn to Africa. Is there anybody who is dispassionate and informed who will challenge the work we have done there?

Egypt? you say. We found Egypt sunk in destitution and slavery, the fellaheen ignorant and starving and exploited by the most degenerate marauders in the Mediterranean basin.

There is no prouder achievement in our annals than the work Cromer did in regenerating that unhappy country, cleaning up its finances, restoring its industry, redeeming the fellaheen from their impoverished and miserable condition.

Let us hope that, now that our task is accomplished and we are holding nothing more than a watching brief for Egypt, that magnificent work will not be undone by the corrupt forces that our administration has held under restraint.

And if there is any feather in our cap more shining than that of our record in Egypt, it is our record in the Sudan.

Only two generations ago that country was a land of unspeakable horrors. In a few years two-thirds of the population were wiped out. Omdurman ended its reign of terror.

It has become a great and flourishing country, where life and property are as secure as in England, and where the desert has been turned into cotton fields.

Will our traducers suggest that we have anything to blush for here? Will they explain that we are exploiters and oppressors of the subject peoples?

Let the subject peoples be asked whether they want to return to the hideous days of Mahdism from which we delivered them.

The tale could be continued of our redemption of the enslaved races of Africa. I could recall the bloody story of Tshaka and his brother Dingaan, he who slaughtered 200,000 people as a sign of mourning for the death of his mother—whom, incidentally, he had assassinated.

I could show how the overthrow of Cetewayo and his son Dinizulu had redeemed the people whom those savages had exploited.

'Nuff said

I could tell of the marvellous things done for the negroes in West Africa and of the work that is being done for the subject races in Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya and on the Congo.

But I have said enough to show how foul and lying a slander it is to represent this country as the exploiter and oppressor of the subject peoples.

The truth is that no country in history has done so much for the helpless peoples of the earth as Britain has done in the last century.

We have saved India from famine and worse. The African negro above would have been a cannibal—see his filed teeth

BE MASTER!

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A RECENT horrible criminal case, wherein a young man of engaging manners has been hanged for the crime of killing his own mother, has [illegible] public mind. The ordinary decent-living person finds it impossible to conceive of anything so vile.

Yet I doubt if this hardened murderer would have been capable of this infamy a few years ago; he could not always have been so depraved.

The truth of his inner history, as of every man who goes wrong, is the dreadful fact that to give way to temptation weakens the will and renders one less able to resist similar temptation in the future.

Little by little one ceases to be master in one's own soul and is enslaved by Spectre.

People sometimes speak as though the man without scruples has the advantage over the man with a conscience, because he can act more strongly and fearlessly in any given situation.

THE truth is the exact opposite. The [illegible] is not in his own control, but swept onward by evil propensities that he has allowed to become supreme in his nature; he could not expel them if he would.

In one of George Bernard Shaw's plays a highly respectable character under [illegible] indignantly protests: "Do you think I am capable of an act like that?" "My dear fellow," another replies, "every man is capable of an act like that."

The celebrated playwright shows by this remark that he knows human nature.

Morally speaking, what a man is capable of depends on the thoughts he keeps company with day by day. Every man jack of us is a compound of tendencies that make for good or ill according as we give them vent.

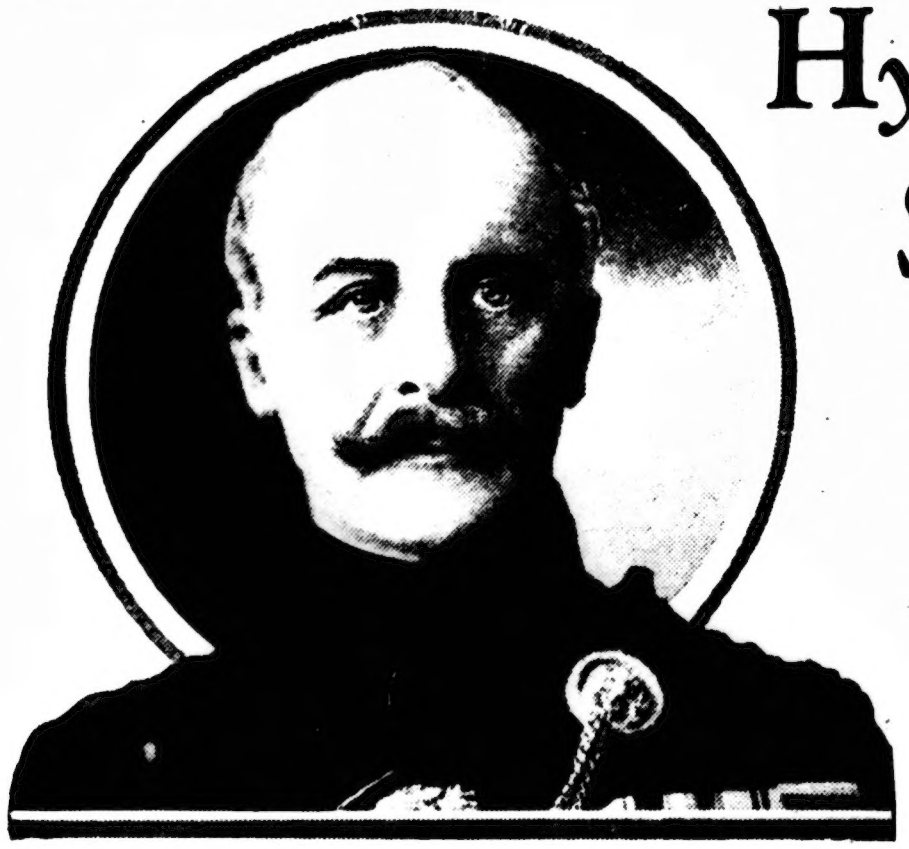
WE sometimes hear of a man in the evening of life suddenly doing something that ruins his reputation and brings him to shame. People stand amazed at the news, because they cannot understand how such a lapse should be possible in a person of such antecedents. They do not realise that his fall was not as sudden as it seems.

He has not been keeping watch over himself; he has let his will slip and his imagination play with what is unworthy of him; the day comes when a devil inside him takes command and destroys him.

As poor Oscar Wilde wrote, in that harrowing poem of his, "The Ballad of Reading Jail": "All men slay the thing they love. . . . Some strangle it with hands of lust, and some with hands of gold."

Not quite all, thank God. But no man who knows his own heart should dare to let himself drift. The price of strength is vigilance.

Hypnotic Healer's SPOOK DOCTORS



Col. Norman King, of the General Medical Council, should be interested in this "etheric mental healer's" impudent operations

IF people like to cherish illusions about spooks and spirits, that is their own affair.

But when charlatans set out to exploit the credulous by professing a greater ability to cure illness through their psychic powers than that possessed by mundane medicos they represent a public danger.

In this category we must place a very busy and prosperous individual named F. Anderton-Hulme, who is in practice at 37, Upper Gloucester Place, London, N.W., and elsewhere.

Mr. Anderton-Hulme describes himself as a "Psychologist, Psycho-therapist, Dietician, Medical Botanist and Etheric Mental Healer."

But however vaguely spiritual his powers may be, he is very practical in the matter of fees, and has for some time been treating excitable patients on remunerative terms.

Although he has so many high-sounding titles after his name, the bald truth is that Mr. Anderton-Hulme possesses no medical qualifications at all.

Yet he considers himself superior to earthly doctors, and he certainly scores over them by being able to indulge in unlimited publicity, whereas *bona fide* doctors are, of course, debarred from advertising for patients.

That heavy stuff

Attracted by advertisements which have recently appeared in a journal devoted to psychical, occult and mystical research, a married man obtained an appointment with Mr. Anderton-Hulme to seek advice in regard to his wife.

He was granted an intimate interview, during the course of which the "etheric mental healer" waxed extremely confiding, and told his visitor mystic stories of his alleged link with another world.

Upon hearing that the man's wife was subject to fits of depression, which medicine did not seem to improve, Mr. Anderton-Hulme suddenly assumed a most dramatic pose.

His eyes narrowed as he stared into space, and, lifting his hands with a gesture of mysticism, he told his visitor that information about his wife was already coming to him through the ether.

According to the healer, who spoke slowly in hushed tones, mysterious forces had been active from the moment of the visitor's arrival.

The spirits of departed friends, it seemed, had at once begun to work, and the room was now filled with them on a mission for the wife's good.

Although the husband might find it difficult to believe, continued Mr. Anderton-Hulme, his body had transmitted an invisible current to the healer, and, with the aid of the spirits, had conveyed to him much of the cause of the wife's indisposition.

By this time, realising that he was in the presence of a very plausible charlatan, the caller refrained from comment, and permitted the "consultation" to proceed.

"I cannot, without seeing her myself, tell you exactly what is wrong," went on the "etheric healer" ominously, "but medicine and doctors are no good to her at all. . . . I can cure her definitely . . . hers is a mental case."

This alarming pronouncement was made only a few minutes after the caller, a perfect stranger, had entered the room, and without any real enquiry regarding the absent patient's age, general health, habits or history.

Yet it was made with a positive assurance which would have driven a less balanced enquirer to utter despair.

As it was, the visitor simply expressed wonder at Mr. Anderton-Hulme's mystical "diagnosis," whereupon the "healer" proceeded to make some staggering statements.

He was, he confided, in direct contact with no fewer than nine departed doctors in the next world, who, all skilled men during their earthly existence, were now "working" for him on "the other side."

Sometimes they worked in unison, giving him the benefit of their combined experience in advising him as to treatment required in individual cases; on other occasions they would work in groups of five, six or seven, as circumstances required.

The magic "touch"

When asked what treatment was likely to be advocated in the present instance, Mr. Anderton-Hulme, again dramatically held out his hands, with fingers outstretched, saying that the only treatment he could discuss lay in those fingers, as guided by his contact with the doctors in the beyond.

Although he himself was personally able to hypnotise patients, he added, it did not seem that such a course would be necessary in this instance, as he only resorted to it in extreme cases.

Before discussing the question of fees, he expressed very strong views about orthodox practitioners, predicting that within the next twenty years they would nearly all be "out of business."

Meanwhile, he was busily engaged in effecting cures, and, had [illegible] he was confident that [illegible] the aid of his spirit fr[illegible] per cent. of the lunatics [illegible] and mental homes in th[illegible]

His fees, he went on, w[illegible] by individual circumsta[illegible] the present case it wou[illegible] guinea for each "treatme[illegible] a series might be neces[illegible] indefinite period before [illegible] was effected.

Of course, fees cannot b[illegible] to the "other side," [illegible] Anderton-Hulme is extrem[illegible] in having nine doctors w[illegible] time for him in this fash[illegible] larly as he is able to live [illegible] apartment in Belgravia.

So he goes free

It certainly seems rather [illegible] of him to disparage living [illegible] when he thus relies upon d[illegible] who, he avers, gained all [illegible] ence while on earth.

The extent of the guidance he professes to obtain from them is difficult to gauge, since his "treatment" mainly consists of gently massaging the face and cranium with his fingers and applying the rays of an electric healing-lamp.

The medical profession [illegible] regards the activities of a man like this with grave disfavour. Yet the law is powerless to intervene.

If an ordinary person describes himself as a doctor without due qualification, he is liable to prosecution.

But if a man like Anderton-Hulme, while disclaiming to be a doctor himself, chooses to extract substantial fees by pretending to have medical knowledge passed to him from another world, no action can be taken.

A more preposterous loophole in our legislation could hardly be imagined.

SCOTLAND WINS "Bullets" International

ON the morning of April 4, Mr. John Irvine, over breakfast in his tenement-home at 55, Broomlands Street, Paisley, reminded his wife of the entry he had made for the biggest of "Bullets" prizes.

Then he thought no more of it until a telephone-call interrupted his work. It was from his wife, struggling to find words to hand on the message which had just arrived from this office.

The choice of 4,000 Guineas or £5 a week for life and £2,000—that was the record prize which JOHN BULL had just awarded to this £3 10s.-a-week employee in the workshops of Messrs. Galbraith Stores, Ltd., Paisley.

Within three hours Mr. Irvine was speeding south on the night train for London.

He was coming to confirm the news of his success at the JOHN BULL offices—and also to see Scotland beat England at Wembley in the Soccer International.

The pangs of a lost match were compensated by his winning goal in the "Bullets" International.

"It's my wife's birthday to-day," he said, as he chatted with the Editor of JOHN BULL and a "Bullets" representative at our offices.

"She's just flabbergasted over it all, but I haven't even had time to talk things over with her. But this is certainly a wonderful day for us!

"I've been entering 'Bullets' for about two years now," he went on. "It's my hobby, you see, and although I've only had one cash prize before, I believe in sticking at a thing.

"Several of your 'Target' prizes came along. But each week when I saw the winning 'Bullets' I had to admit I'd been fairly beaten." There's a lot of sportsmanship in these competitions.

Mr. Irvine's winning "Bullet," a solemn, but vivid, commentary on war, was MAN WITH A GUN—WASN'T "GREATEST SCULPTOR'S" DESIGN.

"How did I make it up?" he said. "Well, I suppose you'd call [illegible] inspiration.

"I'd seen in a Glasgow [illegible] ture of a war memorial. [illegible] a gun it was, and when I [illegible] the Examples and saw 'M[illegible] Gun'—well, my 'Bullet' ju[illegible]

"Are you thinking of tak[illegible] Guineas or the £5 a week [illegible] £2,000?"

"I had no sleep in the [illegible] night," said Mr. Irvine, wit[illegible] rare smiles. "I had tim[illegible] things over. I've decided [illegible] 4,000 Guineas.

"We've always wanted [illegible] better to live, and I fanc[illegible] down by the sea—at Lar[illegible] I'd just like to get my wif[illegible] kiddies out of the smoke a[illegible] get in a place like Paisley.

"And then I've been think[illegible] ting a little business—a sh[illegible] kind.

"The money's going into [illegible] and I'll stick to my job for [illegible] being. What I want is to g[illegible] talk things over with the w[illegible]

Mr. Irvine left us soon [illegible] travelling back to Scotland. [illegible] 4,000 Guineas—equal to the [illegible] over twenty years—earned [illegible] minutes spent on "Bullets."

BIRCHED BOYS OUTRAGE

"Den" is a game of glorious pretence. Here's a chieftain and his warriors in a London playground

TWO boys whose homes are at St. Ives in Huntingdonshire have been publicly branded as thieves.

Soon they will be leaving [illegible] and searching for employment. [illegible] that employer in the professions [illegible] parents had chosen for them will [illegible] prepared now to give them a start? [illegible] with the sole purpose of pre[illegible] the careers of the lads being [illegible] th[illegible] outset that we reveal [illegible] they have been made the victims [illegible] more than intolerable form of [illegible].

A favourite playground of some [illegible] in St. Ives is a yard contain[illegible], which has been disused for many years.

There could not be a better setting for the game of "den" beloved of healthy boys.

They hold their conclaves seated in a circle round the old kiln, and deliver to the chieftain in his den their accounts of imaginary forays and exploits against robber-bandits, savage tribes and the like.

The crime—

There is much more fun in the game, of course, when it is played at night and the adventures are planned and discussed amid the shadows cast by a light mounted on the kiln.

Generally a piece of candle is used, but one evening a few weeks ago the stump of tallow guttered and went out before the game was well in progress. They would be poor specimens of boyhood who could conceive adventures, but who could not find a light for the den in which they told each other about them.

Not far away was a dump of hurricane lamps belonging to the Corporation of St. Ives.

Two of the boys went there and brought back a lamp and a sixpenny oilcan. A wick was improvised and the game went on.

Foolishly, they did not return the old lamp that evening. The chieftain of the den ordered one of his warriors to do so, but the boy disobeyed.

He thought everything would be all right if he put it back on the way home from school next day.

A policeman saw the lamp on the kiln the following morning.

One by one he collected the names of the children who played "den," and fastened on the two who had moved the lamp from the dump to the kiln.

They are members of two of the most respectable families in the small town.

The ponderous machinery of the law was started. Both boys were summoned to answer charges of feloniously stealing one lamp value 3s. 6d. and one oilcan value sixpence, the property of the St. Ives Town Council.

In a community where commonsense is applied to the administration of justice it might be thought that when it was clear to the magistrates that children had moved property for a harmless game, and without the slightest criminal intention, a charge of the kind would be dismissed without more ado.

Not so in St. Ives.

—and the sentence

The justices convicted the lads of theft, and ordered them to be birched by the police.

The mere depriving of the user of a thing for some time with intent to return it is not larceny.

Learned judges hold that in the present state of the law it is not stealing if someone takes another person's motor-car for a joy-ride and abandons it.

But the wise justices of St. Ives say that if innocent children move an old lamp for the purposes of a game it is theft and punishable as such.

In any case, the justices should not have recorded a conviction.

It was their bounden duty to have employed the Probation of Offenders Act, called evidence in regard to character, antecedents, and extenuating circumstances, and then to dismiss the charge altogether.

If they had taken this elementary precaution, they would have found that both lads had clean and splendid records.

Justice is firm!

Their headmaster would have said that the moral characters of the boys had always been above suspicion, their general behaviour had invariably been exemplary, and he was amazed when the charge was made against them.

Instead, the magistrates insisted a second and a third time that the boys were thieves, and that they must be punished.

When the order for birching was made, one of the fathers pleaded that his son was not physically fit to bear the punishment. The case was adjourned for a week for medical certificates to be submitted.

In the interval the parents consulted Dr. Sidney Peters, the Liberal M.P. for Huntingdonshire, who is also a solicitor.

BRANDED *for a* PRANK

When the case was called again Dr. Peters pointed out to the justices where, in the manner we have shown, he believed they had erred. They refused, however, to alter their decision.

A medical certificate was put in to show that the boys were unfit for heavy punishment.

This was not enough for the justices. They ordered a third hearing so that doctors might give evidence on oath.

A singular incident happened when once more the case was dealt with.

It is a local practice to hold the children's court immediately after the ordinary court, but on this day there was no ordinary court and the case was called much earlier.

Dr. Peters, who had left his Parliamentary duties specially to attend, was not aware of these circumstances. When the case came on he was in his office, a few minutes' walk from the court.

The magistrates ought to have known that the parents were depending on Dr. Peters again representing them.

It might have been expected that, with the court sitting unusually early, they would have extended to a Member of Parliament and a lawyer the simple courtesy of delaying the proceedings until a messenger was sent to him.

They did not do so. The case was disposed of while Dr. Peters remained in his office near by, and the Bench declined to reduce the punishment.

It is an illuminating aspect of the majesty of legal procedure in St. Ives that when Dr. Peters gave notice of appeal it was proposed that the sureties should be two of £35 for each of the boys and £50 for each of the fathers—a total of £240.

All for a lamp borrowed in play!

Dr. Sidney Peters, M.P., believed the justices had erred. But they didn't wait for him . . .

"In their mercy"

The Quarter Sessions Bench at the appeal hearing supported their fellow-justices and confirmed the conviction.

In their mercy, however, they ordered the birching sentence to be reduced one half.

So two innocent boys are about to start life as whipped and convicted thieves.

Marauder *in the* GREEN CAR

A MAN of many names, whose youthful eyes twinkle innocently behind horn-rimmed spectacles, is at present touring the country in a small, green car and prevailing upon strangers to pay his expenses.

A very pleasant existence? So it is; but we hope this publicity will soon make things very unpleasant for the marauding motorist.

* * *

He recently drove into Stoke and engaged a room at an hotel for the night, saying that he was on his way to Glasgow on behalf of a big Birmingham firm, which he mentioned by name.

He registered as "Mr. Maurice Holloway."

When the time came for his departure he reported the loss of a wallet containing £14.

The loss was doubly annoying, he declared, because he could not possibly delay his mission to the North; in the circumstances, he would be obliged if the management could waive their rule and cash a cheque for him.

He received £17 in cash, and later the cheque was dishonoured.

The big Birmingham firm declared that Mr. Maurice Holloway had left its employ some time back.

Holloway has since cropped up in various places, where he has succeeded in passing further cheques for varying amounts.

At Bletchley he passed as Mr. Maurice S. Toy, and, purchasing some benzol for his car, induced the garage proprietor to cash a cheque made out to himself and signed, "N. A. Volves."

Still passing by the name of Toy, this trickster next obtained lodgings in Cambridge, confiding that he was travelling for a Midland aluminium company.

While in Cambridge he visited a bootshop, and, selecting a pair of expensive dress shoes, tendered a cheque made out in his favour for an amount considerably in excess of his purchase, bearing the signature "J. A. Newnes."

He gave the address where he was staying in Cambridge, but by the time his cheque had come back from the bank marked "No account" Mr. S. Toy was far away.

He was, in fact, enjoying the first bursts of spring sunshine on the promenade at Hove.

* * *

His stay on the south coast was equally brief. He left his bill unpaid, stole a considerable sum of money in cash and postal orders, and helped himself to jewellery belonging to other hotel-guests.

The various cheques that he has scattered throughout the country have all been drawn on the Brighton branch of the Westminster Bank, and have all been taken from a book that was stolen a little while back from a kinema cloakroom.

There is little doubt that Toy was the thief, for the handwriting shows that he fills them in and signs them all himself.

There are still several blank cheques in the book!

Free Yourself of Truss Discomfort without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

For your benefit we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not help.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally relieves it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture. Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss discomfort that you endure—after you read this advertisement *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses may do.

We have told you that the truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk.

We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day. Instead of wearing a steel spring try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance. Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it **HOLDS ALWAYS.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of successes effected by its use is very great.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than other methods of treatment. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who overcame his rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Over 514,000 People have accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it?

Among these 514,000 men, women and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you*?

Ten Reasons Why YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS FREE OFFER.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable.
6. The soft, pliable [illegible] give one a [illegible] sensation of buoyan[illegible] and ease.
7. It is thoroughly [illegible] tary; it can be [illegible] without any injury.
8. There are no [illegible] springs in the appli[illegible]ance to hurt one by [illegible] and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are [illegible] very best that [illegible] can buy, making it a [illegible] and safe appliance [illegible]
10. Our reputation [illegible] thoroughly estab[illegible] and our prices so reas[illegible]able, our terms [illegible] that you should not [illegible] to send the free [illegible] to-day.

Men, Women and Children find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

REMEMBER

We send you the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and men. Special attention given to children. Trained nurses always in attendance at both offices.

National Insurance Benefit

If you are a member of an Approved Society, you may, under the additional benefits scheme, be entitled to an Appliance free through your Society. We have furnished many appliances in this way and are always glad to do so. Be sure you specify definitely to your Society and particularly to your Doctor that it is a BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE you want.

The Secretary of your Society will tell you how to go about it.

Even if you are not entitled to a grant owing to your not being in benefit, we may be able to help you. Ask your Secretary to write us regarding your case, but first fill in the coupon opposite.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.
(468R) 274, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.
(468R) 80, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about the Appliance for Rupture, and your trial offer. *Please write plainly.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

REG. TRADE MARK

If you are State insured, give here the name and address of your Approved Society

.....

.....

SPEND YOUR EASTER HOLIDAY IN COMFORT *THIS* YEAR.

Famous Names MISUSED

Strange Activities of a Charity Appeals Secretary

His name was misused—the Earl of Athlone

THE conclusion of certain litigation has just released us from a silence that we had been compelled reluctantly to maintain for some months.

In September last we dealt with certain charity appeals then being made by a Mr. Walter Tyson, who described himself as the "Appeals Secretary" of a concern called the British Guild of Child Welfare.

The Guild boasted some splendid objects, including the provision of nursery-schools in all suitable centres for the physical and mental welfare of young children.

Then there was the establishment of training-colleges for people wishing to engage in welfare work, and the general care of all children who were compelled to live in unsatisfactory surroundings.

Several things about Mr. Tyson's appeals we did not like, so our counsel to readers was: "Look before you give."

Very ingenious

A day or two after the warning appeared we received a letter from a firm of solicitors.

Couched in the strongest terms, this letter stated that Lady Ryall, Lady Wheeler and Miss Isabella Southern Rennie, members of the executive committee of the Guild, strongly objected to our comments.

"A complete and ample apology" was requested, the implication being, of course, that what had been said was untrue.

It had, for instance, been stated that Mr. Tyson had at one time been an agent for a highly reputable society, and that on the termination of his services he had refused to surrender

Tyson was criticised by Mr. Justice Acton

certain of the society's property, including a card-index of its subscribers.

The solicitor's letter implied quite definitely that Mr. Tyson had never been associated with the society in question.

No apology

Then came some very stinging comments.

We were accused of having published the article quite recklessly, without any attempt having been made to verify the various statements it contained.

"The inaccuracy" of all these statements, the letter added, "would have been apparent at the least attempt of enquiry."

Feeling confident that Lady Ryall, Lady Wheeler and Miss Isabella Southern Rennie—at whose request the letter was stated to have been written—could not be aware of the facts, it was decided to stand by the facts.

The solicitors were consequently informed by letter that no apology could be given at all.

No more was heard from the solicitors, but through certain channels of information some interesting facts were gathered.

Several well-known people, including Lady Wheeler, had had their names used without authority.

Lady Ryall and Miss Isabella Southern Rennie had to resort to the High Courts of Justice in order to settle certain disputes which had, in the meantime, arisen between them and Mr. Walter Tyson.

It appears that these two ladies had been conducting a children's nursing-school at Norwood, as the outcome of which the British Guild of Child Welfare had been launched, with Mr. Tyson as secretary.

At the time he had produced seemingly satisfactory references, but some have since been found to be of considerable age, while others had been given by people long since deceased.

Name-plate too

When our warning appeared last autumn, Lady Ryall and Miss Rennie dismissed Tyson because he was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself.

Mr. Tyson then promptly followed the very procedure we had accused him of in a previous case.

He seized the Guild's brass name-plate, its minute-book, its cash-receipts book, its postage-book, its register of subscribers, the bank pass-book, the paying-in book, its cheque-book, numerous printed appeals and vouchers for payments which had been made, and dossiers relating to subscribers and donations.

Then, using—or, rather, misusing—all these purloined effects, he established himself in the very office from which the Guild had been operated and launched "The National Child Welfare Society."

Lady Ryall and Miss Rennie were forced a few days ago to ask Mr. Justice Acton to order the return of the property.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that JOHN BULL was constantly referred to in court, not only by counsel for all the disputing parties, but by the judge himself.

Now comes the amazing revelation that the solicitors' letter, which was worded as if it had been sent at the request of these ladies, had, in fact, been sent in their name by Mr. Tyson, entirely without their knowledge or authority.

Mr. Tyson lost the case, and, in ordering him to return the property concerned, the judge criticised his conduct in launching a second society, the circulars of which bore no name save Tyson's.

Sailors' fund mystery

"It may be," observed Mr. Justice Acton, "that this case may be of use to the public in indicating to them the advisability of exercising some care about acceding to those very numerous applications in the names of all kinds of charitable institutions."

Mr. Tyson, it may be added, was for some time the appeals secretary for the National Sailors' Society, which has frequently been exposed in JOHN BULL and *Truth*.

It is interesting, therefore, to refer to a document which has come into our possession, signed by Mr. Tyson, and issued a month or so ago from his office in Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.

In it he refers to moneys he collected some time before while acting as secretary of the "National Appeal Committee" of the National Sailors' Society.

Against this society he levels all kinds of charges, even going so far as to state that a saloon-car was purchased out of the funds for the private use of certain officials.

But Mr. Tyson does not think fit to explain in any way how he ever came to act as special appeal secretary and to raise £15,000 for this notorious society.

In spite of his lofty ambitions, we think that any appeal issued in his name should be ignored, and we are pleased that we were able to issue a word of warning last autumn, particularly in view of all that has transpired since.

Weekly Informations from

Sir Wyndham Childs

It was only COLOURED WATER!

HOUSEHOLDERS in all parts of London and the suburbs have lately been tricked by a well-dressed stranger whose favourite alias is Fox, and who is certainly a very foxy individual.

Fox is in the habit of answering advertisements where flats or rooms are to let, and, calling upon the advertiser in person, makes a very critical inspection of the premises.

All the time he is being shown round Mr. Fox keeps up a pleasant stream of conversation, explaining that he is the London manager for a firm of wholesale wine and spirit merchants, whose head office is in Glasgow.

A printed card which he produces bears out this statement.

• • •

At last he professes himself delighted with the accommodation offered, but frankly adds that he would like to bring his wife along later in the day before clinching the agreement.

Then, as if it were an afterthought, he says that he has just been to call on a local wine-merchant, whose name he cites. One of his firm's motor-lorries, he declares, has been involved in a nasty accident in the vicinity.

This naturally arouses the sympathy of his listener, but Mr. Fox feelingly adds that no one had been seriously hurt, though a number of cases of whisky have been smashed.

Then, indicating a bulky parcel under his arm, he confides that he was able to retrieve one or two bottles from the wreckage, which he is authorised to dispose of at reduced rates.

• • •

As a favour, he will let his future landlord have a couple of bottles at 9s. each.

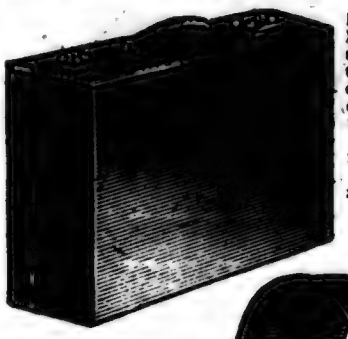
Having handed over the bottles from his parcel, Mr. Fox departs, reminding the householder that he will be back with his wife during the afternoon.

He never returns, and the bargain-price whisky turns out, on examination, to be coloured water.

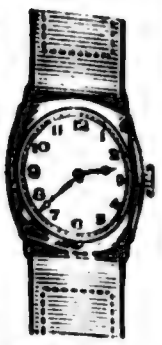
We're all collecting for Nestlé's Chocolate FREE GIFTS

Pure Silk Stockings. Fine gauge Point heel. 30 colours to choose from
130 coupons

A Genuine cut-glass Powder bowl. Exquisite design
120 coupons



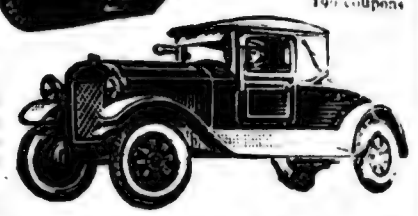
Hidex Suit Cases Light but very strong. Just the thing for week-ends and holidays.
14" dark blue—
150 coupons
18" red—
185 coupons
24" brown—
260 coupons



Ladies' [illegible] Nickel Swiss [illegible] proof [illegible] model
160 coupons

Two Mid[illegible] ebony backs Leather [illegible]
190 coupons

World-famous Hawk-Eye Box Camera. Made in Great Britain by Kodak. Takes sharp clear photographs 3¼" x 2¼" with 'Kodak' Film No. 120. Two view-finders.
140 coupons



Toy Motor-car. Strong clockwork motor. Automatic brake. Doors to open. Runs straight or in a circle.
120 coupons

The new family game—collecting Nestlé's coupons. It's simply amazing—how the coupons mount up when the family sets its heart on a toy motor for Billy, a watch for Dad, or an umbrella for Mother. You will find the coupons in many different kinds of Nestlé's Chocolate—milk and plain—in blocks, square cartons and in 2d. wrapped bars. And you can secure these valuable gifts simply by going on asking for Nestlé's, the chocolate you already like the best.

In all Nestlé's ½lb. blocks, 6d. square cartons and 2d. wrapped bars there will be found either a Gift Coupon or a coloured Guarantee Slip. These coloured guarantee slips have a coupon value and you should keep them. 1 Blue Slip equals 2 coupons. 1 Pink slip equals 1 coupon. 3 Yellow slips equal 1 coupon.

This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State

NESTLÉ'S Milk CHOCOLATE

½lb. BLOCKS *Milk* and *Milk Fruit and Nut* NOW 10½d.

POST THIS TO-DAY

5 FREE COUPONS

To Nestlé's (*Gift Dept.*)
Silverthorne Road,
Battersea, London, S.W.8

Please send me 5 FREE COUPONS *and the Nestlé's Presentation List.*

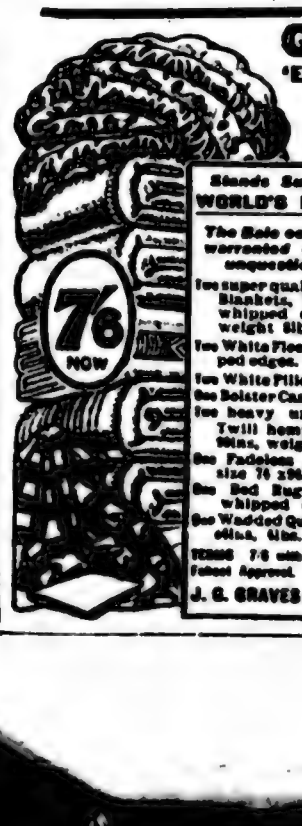
Name .....
IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address .....

.....

32
19/4/30

½d. *Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.*



GRAVES 'ENTERPRISE' BARGAIN BALE

Stands Supreme as the WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

The Bale contains goods of warranted excellence and unquestionable merit.

Two super quality White Woollen Blankets, Blue borders and whipped edges, 60 x 80ins, weight 3lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets Whipped edges. 60x80ins. 5lbs pr.
Two White Pillow Cases, 30x 40ins.
One Bolster Case to match, 20x60in
Two heavy unbleached Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90ins, weight 6lbs.
One Fadeless Alhambra Quilt, size 76 x90ins. Weight 3lbs.
One Bed Rug, check design, whipped edges, 60 x 80ins
One Wadded Quilt 66 x 66ins, 4lbs. Price **£4:10:0**

TERMS 7/6 with Order, 7/6 monthly. Fullest Approval. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

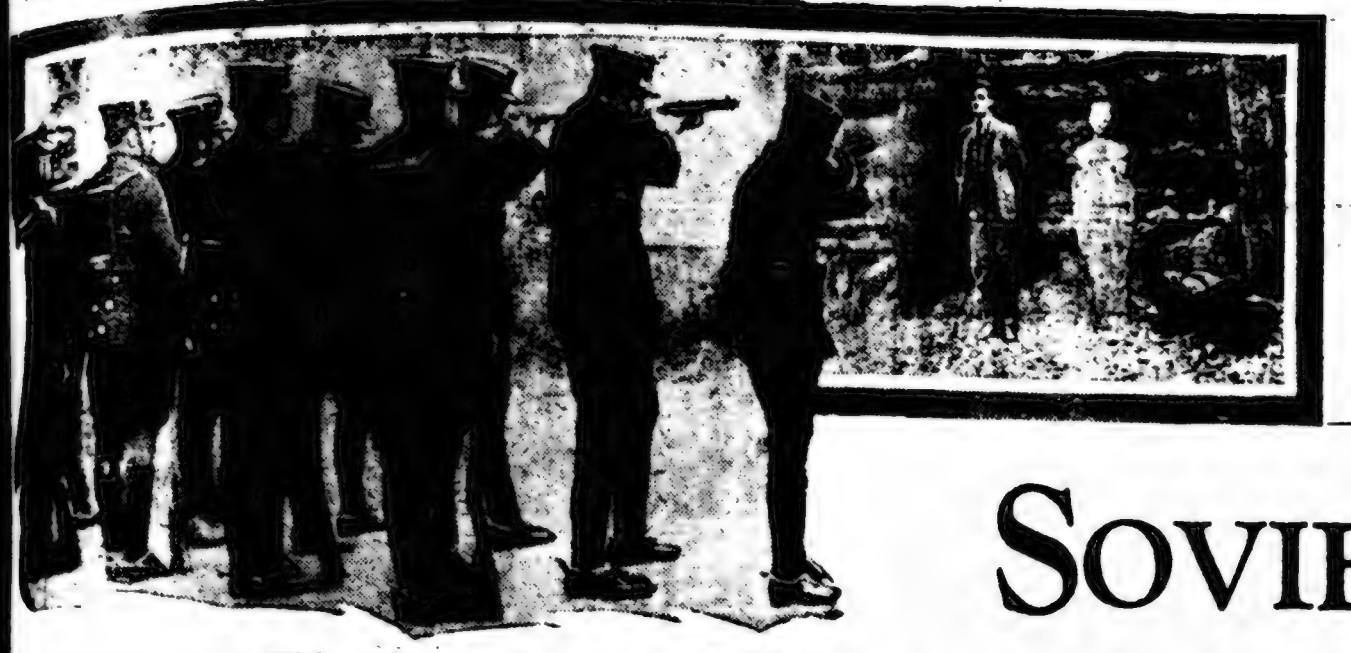
£550 AWARDED IN "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 57

In Crossword Competition No. 57 correct solutions were received from the following forty-nine competitors, who a[illegible] to the conditions of the Competition, divide the £500, each receiving £10 4s. 1d.

Solutions containing one error were received from seventy-two competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving [illegible] and each has been notified. A List of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Aldridge, A., 10, Diana St., Troedyrhiw, Merthyr.
Banfield, E., 10, Fieldhouse Cotts., Woodmansterne, Surrey.
Beadle, Mrs., 46, Lowes Rd., Darlington.
Bishop, Miss D. A., Eton House, Broad Walk, Buxton, Derbyshire.
Blackwell, Miss J., 25, Royle St., Withington, Manchester.
Bratner, Miss I., 72, Relugas Rd., Edinburgh.
Burton, M., 29, Harley St., Hanley, S.O.T.
Cameron, Mrs., 33, Newton St., Stornoway, N.B.
Cartridge, Mrs. W. J., 45, Strand St., Poole, Dorset.
Coleman, Mrs. E., 25, Orlinda St., Portsmouth.
Dodd, E., Wealside, Haltwhistle, Northumberland.
Duckhouse, J., 263, High St., Smethwick.
Edwards, Mrs. E., School Rd., Coed Talon, Nr. Mold.
Ellard, E. J., 3, Hanover Rd., S. Tottenham, N.15.
Evans, B. H., 61, Stoke Old Rd., Hartshill, S.O.T.
Evans, Mrs. E. S., 54, Stanfield Rd., Winton, Bournemouth.
Fitton, D., 253, New Hey Rd., New Hey, Nr. Rochdale.
Freestone, Mrs., 4, Lowther St., Newmarket.
Gilhilan, W., c/o Saillie, 14, Moncrieff St., Paisley.
Gregg, Mrs. F., 39, Pelham Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.19
Griffiths, E., 4, Rank Bldgs., High St., Shanklin, I. of W.
Harvey, Mrs. E. R., 68, High St., Crayford, Kent.
Hayes, T., 36, Roberts Rd., Pokesdown, Bournemouth.
Henry, Mrs. M., 3, South Burn Terr., W. Hartlepool.
Hodkinson, A., Clifton Cottage, High St., Hawarden, Nr. Chester.
Hopkins, Mrs. M., 250, Formans Rd., Sparkhill, Nr. Birmingham.
Jobling, J., 33, Napier Rd., Swalwell, Co. Durham.
Lambourne, Mr., 23, Dumbarton St., Buckland, Portsmouth.
Laycock, Mrs. C., 10, Falding St., Chapeltown, Sheffield.
Lee, Mrs., 2, Richards Terr., Campbell St., Hessle Rd., Hull.
Marshall, Miss, 11, Ipswich Rd., Norwich.
Montgomery, Mrs., Mount Pleasant, West Horsley, Surrey.
Neal, M/S J., Sunny Side, Bloxham, B[illegible]
Partington, M/S B., 9, Martin Grove, Bolton.
Preston, J., 238, Whalley Rd., Shuttl[illegible]
Purchase, M. A. D., Northover H[illegible] Langport, Somerset.
Reeve, H. E., Hovefields Avenue, Wo[illegible]
Riley, J., Brinsop, Hereford.
Savage, C., Cornbwich, Bridgwat[illegible]
Sherwood, Miss I. K., Queen's Lodge, Etchinghsm, Sussex.
Shipman, Mrs. A. E., Albert House, Camborne, Cornwall.
Tagg, E., Cow Lane, Bramcote, Not[illegible]
Thompson, G. H., Station House, M[illegible] Nr. Selby.
Topps, R., 50, Admaston Rd., Plume[illegible]
Ventham, L., 303, Fawcett Rd., So[illegible]
Wilkin, E., 24, Derby St., Heywood.
Wilton, R. H., Draycott, Nr. Bl[illegible]
Wright, R. S., 113, Medlock St., Kirkd[illegible]
Young, M/S S., 64, Quay Rd., Bri[illegible]

Another £550 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!



Sending them to something with rifles in it

by
Sir Wyndham Childs

SOVIET'S *Monstrous Demand*

NOBODY will, I think, ever accuse me of possessing any sympathy with Soviet citizens in this country in general, or with the Soviet Embassy and its *entourage* in particular.

But the perilous position of certain Russian citizens in this country who have been ordered to return to Russia impels me to call attention to a situation which in my judgment, is, and has been, indefensible.

I am prepared to find not realised that the employees of Arcos, Ltd., and other Soviet trading organisations in this country is called "conditional landing."

Any alien landed to land in this country and to remain here "whilst employed" with such—in other words, by the Soviet Government, as all organisations in this country are State-controlled.

The result has been that ever since the Soviet Government was permitted to set up these organisations, they have been invested by us, owing to the operations of our own laws, with a power which, to my mind, is not only arbitrary, but detestable.

* * *

Under our alien laws, if an employee is dismissed by Arcos his "conditional landing" is terminated, and he is, after a period of grace, in effect, "deported."

In other words, he falls into the hands of the cheka.

The men concerned may, or may not, be desirable citizens of this country, but whatever they may be, is it right that we, through the power of our alien legislation, should compel them to be something worse than slaves?

I am prompted to offer these remarks by the statement made by the Soviet Vice-Consul in London to the Press Association, which, *inter alia*, runs as follows:

"It is the right of the Consul of the Soviet Republic to order officials sent by his Government to this country . . . to proceed home when the Government considers that their presence here is no longer needed. . . .

"Those who refuse to comply with the Consul's orders know perfectly well that in accordance with the decree of November 21, 1929, they will be subject to the *severe* penalty provided therein. . . .

"The penalties prescribed are well known and those concerned well know the penalties involved by disobedience."

I have not in my possession a copy of the decree of November 21, 1929, but I do not doubt that the penalty may mean a firing-squad and the first convenient wall.

I think the Soviet Vice-Consul in London is presuming too much. It is one thing for him to "order" a wretched official to "proceed home," and it is another thing for him to be able to carry out the order.

* * *

He cannot carry out that order without the assistance of the British Government and our alien laws.

There is no obligation in law upon the Home Secretary to deport these aliens; indeed, they can remain here as long as the Home Secretary may deem it desirable.

Let these unfortunate persons remain here and give them sanctuary as long as they behave themselves and act as respectable citizens.

As I understand it, the men concerned all possess technical qualifications, and are what one may term "professional men," and they should find no difficulty in obtaining employment in this country.

*

I have noticed it suggested that the Soviet Government may demand their extradition.

Such a demand must be met with an immediate refusal, as our extradition laws only contemplate extradition for an offence committed by a foreigner in his own country which is an equivalent crime under our laws.

These men have committed no crime in Russia, in so far as our laws are concerned, and no crime in England. As I understand it, all they have done is to refuse to obey an order of the Soviet Vice-Consul.

We have recently done away with the death penalty for refusing to obey an order in the British Army, so let us follow that precedent in the case of these unfortunate citizens, and let our just alien laws operate in their favour.

I have no use for aliens as a class, more especially Russian aliens, but the iniquitous position in which Soviet employees in this country are placed moves me to this protest in the name of humanity.

INSURANCE WINDFALL *for* YOU?

HAVE you a lapsed industrial assurance policy? If you have study it carefully. You may recover money from the company with which you insure.

But you must act before May 10, or you will get nothing.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are waiting to be claimed on policies held by poor people who do not know the legal position.

The Industrial and Friendly Societies Act, 1929, makes millions of policies legal which have been previously issued to insure the lives of children under ten years.

Any person who holds or has held an endowment assurance on which premiums have been paid for at least a year can claim a cash-surrender or free-policy value provided that the policy has been in force at any time later than December 31, 1923.

This applies only to policies taken out for the holder's own benefit on the life of his parent, grandparent, brother, sister, child or grandchild, or on the life of a child who was less than ten years old.

All applications regarding policies which lapsed before May 10, 1929, must be made by May 10, 1930.

When the 1929 Act was passed by the Labour Government no steps were taken to inform lapsed-policy holders of this chance to recover their money. Now the time for so doing is running out.

Claimants should write to the head office of the company or society which issued the policies, setting out the circumstances and particulars of payment.

If there are difficulties, they should refer their claims to the Industrial Assurance Commissioner, 17, North Audley Street, London, W.1, supplying full details.

The Act does not refer to policies under which the sums assured are payable at death only, or to endowment policies effected by husband or wife on the life of each other.

HUSBAND HERO *Kept Behind* BARS

BEHIND the walls of Brentwood Asylum, Essex, is a man from whose life all savour is being purged by the callousness of those who administer our lunacy laws.

He is Mr. H. A. Coghlan, a thirty-six-year-old Manchester man, who is being kept in the institution as a supposed pauper lunatic.

For two and a half years this poor fellow had not seen anyone from the outside world.

Yet he is married and has a son who was born just before he was sent into captivity. The address of his wife and the whereabouts of his baby are withheld from him.

But we have reason definitely to challenge those who are detaining him to prove by independent medical examination that he is not in every respect healthy and normal.

That is just what they will not do.

Again and again he has made piteous appeals to the Board of Lunacy Control to have his case reviewed by outside mental specialists, only to be rebuffed.

Mr. Coghlan's first object in striving for his liberty is to obtain surgical treatment at the Ministry of Pensions Limb Hospital at Roehampton.

He lost a leg in the war and suffers intense pain from the amputation and an ill-fitting artificial limb.

There is no doubt about Mr. Coghlan's sanity. A lunatic would be incapable of writing such letters as we have had from him.

When our representative was able to reach him, it was to find that he is a man in possession of all his faculties, intellectual, fully conversant with current topics, and without the slightest symptom of mental distress.

Nevertheless, he is held in closest confinement. Only twice a day is he permitted to leave the quarters where he is imprisoned, and then only to parade in an enclosure behind bars 8 ft. high.

* * *

Mr. Coghlan's health was so enfeebled by his experiences in the Gallipoli campaign that he was declared unfit for further active service.

He would not leave his unit, however, and practically smuggled himself to France when the division was transferred there.

After long service on the Western front, he was the victim of a mishap in a dug-out crowded with men at Beaumont Hamel. They were cleaning rifles and a bullet from one which was accidentally discharged entered his foot.

The wound necessitated amputation of the leg.

His war record was so good that on demobilisation he was awarded an honorary commission.

Mr. Coghlan resumed civil life in an excellent commercial post in Lancashire, but surrendered his employment to study for a scholastic appointment and to engage in social work.

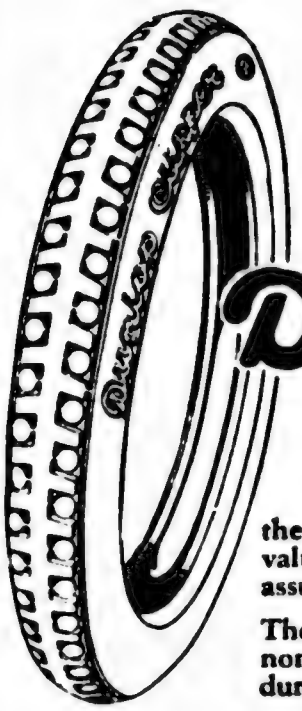
Becoming a certified teacher, he was appointed to the staff of a London County Council school in Bermondsey.

A nervous breakdown was the consequence, and he entered a mental institution at Hanwell, Middlesex.

With five months' treatment there he was cured. He was actually awaiting discharge when it was suggested to him that the air of Brentwood would benefit a chest trouble which he was and is still unaware he had contracted.

It was to Brentwood Asylum he was sent.

There he remains hidden from the world, pleading in vain for an independent examination by experts and for information about his wife and child.



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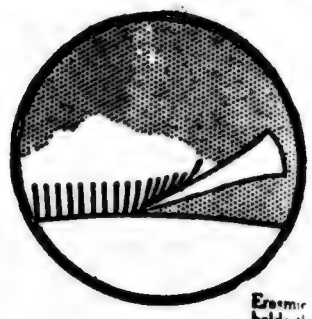
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The Erasmic Shaving Stick gives a superb close-creaming lather which keeps the hairs of the beard bravely facing the razor blade. That is why you can rely on a crisp, clean shave with Erasmic. Your face will be smooth and your skin healthy—thanks to the special soothing qualities of the Erasmic Shaving Stick.

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The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

CRACKS in the PANEL

by E. Roffe Thompson

DO NOT SPEAK
DO NOT SPEAK
DO NOT SPEAK

Your BELOVED VAGABONDS

All the Fun of the Fair

Beloved of the fair folk: Pat Collins, once "The Showmen's M.P."

In the carnival spirit, it's the higher the better

ON one day the fair-ground is just a bare space of asphalt or of gravel, or perhaps mud. That night the great traction-engines come thundering in from the roads. There is an immense and apparently hopeless disorganised flurry of work.

And the next morning a host of townspeople see the glittering gilt, vermilion and purple of the side-shows, roundabouts and stalls.

In a night this city of fun has sprung up: in a night a new community, compact and friendly, has been added temporarily to the population of our town. The showmen are here. The fair has begun!

The fair has begun! And the children troop in thousands to welcome it. With happy, wide-open eyes, they tread the magic streets of Carnival Town.

The music of the organs of the roundabouts is as dear to them as heavenly lyres and lutes. The mat-slide provides unquenchable and inexhaustible mirth.

The showmen are there: most of them the same showmen who have visited the town years and years on end. They know the children, and the children know them. And like them.

It would be hard to say how many fairs there are in Great Britain. In 1888 there were over 2,000 locally held, established and recognised fairs: and it would be safe to say that the number has diminished but very little.

These are the traditional fairs—the chartered or statutory fairs, feasts and wakes—some of them dating back to a very far-off past indeed.

Trade—and fun

If we also count the little private fairs held on a vacant bit of ground for a few weeks, and also the seaside amusement-parks, it would amount to over five thousand.

Then there are your charity fairs and carnivals, and the flower-shows, regattas and other fêtes which avail themselves of the amusements provided by the travelling showmen.

There are fairs whose charters were granted by King John, and many others by James I. and Charles I., and, later, for hiring farm-servants.

But amusements have always been a feature; and, as trading became more established in the towns, pleasure more and more usurped the place of commerce.

Fairs have also been established by Act of Parliament. Some were originally cattle or horse fairs, like Barnet Fair.

Who has not heard of the Nottingham Goose Fair, or Bolton's famous fair on New Year's Day? Or the Great Fair of Coventry? Or the annual West Riding Gala, for which thousands of people flock to Bradford each year?

Then there is the ancient Spring Seed Fair at Conway, and the Buchan Gathering, one of the largest fairs, in Aberdeenshire.

Also, let us add, the famous Good Friday Fair on Hampstead Heath—an event which forms an integral part of sound Cockney tradition, and which comes second only to the fairs held there on Bank holidays.

There appears to be a movement on foot among some of the inhabitants of Hampstead to have the Good Friday Fair abolished.

On the move

Yet the Heath, under the care of the London County Council, is in fact the property of the people of all London, who help to pay for it through the rates.

Most fairs take place in the season from Easter to the end of October; and that is when the travelling showmen take to the road.

Throughout the country, you will note their panting traction-engines hauling a long line of caravans and trucks. The show is on the move.

Easter means breaking loose from the winter's moorings. Once more the old living-van gets hitched up to the traction-engine, and off we go!

They are a clannish people, the travelling showmen, but not standoffish. Nor are they reticent about their trade or their manner of living. For they are also a proud people. Most of them are of long lineage in the show business.

From father to son—and to daughter, for many a girl is brought up on the road—the tradition is passed on; and a road showman will boast of the generations of his family which have been in the business.

"We are the pioneers of the newspapers," said an old retired showman to JOHN BULL's Commissioner. "Our forerunners were the travelling minstrels—the troubadours—and, besides singing for their living, they carried the news from place to place.

"And we were the pioneers of the theatre," he continued proudly. "We came first with our travelling-booths, where we gave performances, or where our puppets performed. Yes, we were in at the very beginning of things."

Astride the galloping horses. "Shut your eyes and you'll think it's real!" yells the showman

But the show business has grown, like everything else. Nowadays, a big travelling-show is a huge and complicated organism. There may be two or three hundred vans travelling to one fair.

It is usually a big lessee, or "riding-master"—the owner of roundabouts and other such contraptions—who will bring his own great show along, followed by his sub-tenants.

A "riding-master" may be in a very big way; he may contract to take over an entire fair-ground.

But he himself does not bother with the small amusements—with the various stalls where games are played; electric-spinners, hoop-la, darts, and so on, nor with the "cokernut"-shies.

He sub-lets all these concessions, at so much per foot of frontage, to sub-tenants. Many of these show-people have followed him round, as sub-tenants, for years, and will never leave him to follow another lessee.

And so a close bondage, a kind of one-big-family feeling, grows up among all these people, despite the extensive differences in income and position, down through the hierarchy, from great "riding-master" to the humblest stall-holder.

Some showmen now send their children to first-class boarding-schools. They are mayors, aldermen or sheriffs of their native cities.

One of them has been in Parliament: that famous veteran, Pat Collins, beloved of all these nomads.

Yet they are still the same in essence. There is a famous showman who has his headquarters in London, where he has an amusement-park, which also serves as winter depôt and repair-works for his show.

He is undoubtedly a wealthy man, and could, if he so wished, live in a mansion in Surrey as sumptuous as that of any successful stockbroker.

But he prefers to live right on the edge of his own amusement-park, overlooking his beloved horses and swings.

He has built himself a house which is long and narrow—like a caravan—where he and his wife live very comfortably and contentedly. Near by stands the living-van in which they will live when the season begins.

Not that all show-people have such a fine dwelling, of course; some are more primitive; but all are marvels of compactness. Nor are they all family caravans; there are bunk-vans for the single men.

In the train of a riding-master's

The mighty moke — stalwarts at Hampstead Heath

Glitter and sparkle by the penn'orth at Portland pleasure fair

Nonchalance sits in the flying-chair—and thrills!

Shooting the chute: a tumble without tears at a Swindon fair

The Bridal Party" at the Olde English Cheese Fair at Kew

show will be men of various trades besides the actual showmen.

It is necessary to bring along painters, carpenters, electrical workers, engineers; and then there are the traction - men, who do nothing but drive and look after the engine.

We must remember that the traction - engine, besides hauling the vans, provides light and power while the fair is on.

Imagine the enormous caravan which takes to the road when a big show is moving. There are the living-vans of the riding-master and of the performers, showmen, freaks and technical men.

Then there are the riding-master's property—the "galloping horses," the "radio cars," the "coaster-cars," the swing-boats, the "slip-tower," down which you slide at a furious rate, seated on a mat.

The big showmen do not travel all over the country. They confine themselves to one district. The Showmen's Guild has mapped out the country into sixteen districts.

In each district there is a headquarters town, where the showmen have their depots and where their vans are kept when not on the road.

Distances travelled in one day are not great and the total mileage for the season is not sensational.

The period during which a show will stay in one place varies from one to eight working days.

They steal away

On the last day of the fair the job of dismantling begins. Here the canvas-experts, the tent-masters, show what they can do with their crews.

There may be a regular staff of from 150 to 200 men travelling with one big show. In four hours the whole of the fun-city is dismantled by these rapid workers.

All through the night, packing, loading and departing of vans takes place until at dawn the last steam monster rumbles ponderously away, leaving a deserted, wan, black space behind, at which for the next week the kiddies of the town will gaze with wistful remembrance.

In the mornings one starts work according to the opening time of the fair. Some fairs start as early as eight o'clock in the morning, some not until noon.

But work must start long before the opening. Everything must be spick and span; brass must be cleaned, and cushions and seats.

When you see them working so hard on the fair-grounds you will wonder why they do it. Ask them.

Ask that highly skilled electrician why he prefers to travel with a show, sleeping in a kind of narrow land forecastle, instead of a comfortable regular job at home, where he could sleep in a real, stationary bed every night.

He may tell you that he has worked with a show now for ten years, and he hopes to go on working for shows. Why? Well, for one thing because it is more varied as to hours.

It is true that one day he may have to work ten or twelve hours, but the next he may not have to start work until noon.

They like the change of place, the constantly varying scene, and the new people they meet, and the old friends they see again. For in the smaller town, you know, the local inhabitants make a "rare fuss" of the show-people.

If the show-carpenter strolls into a local pub for a drink, he is at once surrounded by the curious. And within five minutes he is regaling them with news and views from the great city where he winters, and with tales of the road.

It is the troubadour all over again, the romance which draws the rooted people to gather about the wanderer, and to share for a moment the glamour of the road.

Yes, even your prosaic carpenter or electrician shines before them as one who is part of that mysterious, roaming, glittering, laughing thing—the show.

Then there are the evenings, after the fair is closed for the night. Little parties sit round the glow of a brazier, or on the steps of someone's van.

The gramophone is played; then someone sings an old song in the dusk. The younger show-people often hire a local hall and have a dance among themselves.

Sometimes there is frightful discomfort, caused by bad weather—the showman's horror.

A few bad days may ruin a small sub-tenant, although his fellow-showmen will always come to his help with unstinted generosity.

Great people

For showmen stand by each other. Arguments and lawsuits are almost unknown among them. They will tell you that a "showman's word is as good as his bond."

They are a great people, the show-people. Like everyone else, they have changed with the times. Their children now receive as good an education as the children of any other class in a similar economic situation.

While the electric organs are blaring and all the merry noise of the fair rises above the swirling crowds of happy people, let us remember the showfolk — that ancient craft who ply their useful, cheery trade at the ancient fairs of Britain.

Sober, straight-speaking and honest they are; and their charity and kindliness are unequalled.

They are part of the life of Britain, and the masses love their entertainment; so who shall hinder or damage them?

Easter!

And once again a Manikin will be the chosen smoke of thousands who could afford more, but know there's no better smoke for the money.

Remember—

Manikins will never fail you—Their fragrant, mellow sweetness adds joy to life.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

FREE. On p. 29 is offered a de-Luxe Sample Outfit of Tokalon Preparations, which will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing). Address Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 570 F.), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Shameless TENNIS SHAMATEURS

THE sporting world has been forcibly reminded that the lawn-tennis season is on us once again by the publication of some startling figures concerned with lawn-tennis finance.

Last season, or rather in the twelve days which are known as the "Wimbledon Fortnight," the All-England Lawn-Tennis Club made a net profit of £28,100.

This is an increase of £3,700 on the 1928 fortnight.

Each succeeding year, indeed, ever since the war, has seen a tremendous, an almost sensational, growth in the popularity of the summer game.

Will it continue to do so?

Snobocracy

Everyone who has the welfare of the youth—yes, and even the middle-age—of the nation at heart will wish nothing but well to so healthy and clean a pastime.

But *will* it prosper?

In the coming season we in England have a special interest, for, while we have suffered almost total eclipse since before the war, there is every prospect of our taking a substantial slice of world honours in 1930.

Yet with this most brilliant season of all in prospect, serious trouble is brewing.

There is a canker at the heart of English lawn-tennis, a canker which has eaten deeper and deeper because of the snobbishness, the old-maidishness, the faltering, fluttering, paltering cowardice, the utter futility of the ruling body in the game.

A little while ago, after an agitation which kept a few old ladies of both sexes awake at night, quaking lest their sacred privileges were at last to be assailed by the healthy storm of common-sense and public opinion, the Lawn-Tennis Association was made, by the widening of the basis of representation, into something which *looked* like a more democratic and virile body.

What has happened?

The new "forces" have either joined the reactionaries, or have been so overcome with awe when confronted with the august personages who have taken root in the counsels of the game, that they are tongue-tied and paralysed.

Finer fellow

They will tackle nothing which is in the least unpleasant.

That is why it is allowing the canker of professionalism, or rather sham amateurism, to eat into the heart of the game.

JOHN BULL is all for the honest professional, who is often a much finer fellow than some amateurs in many games besides lawn-tennis—but not for the shamateur.

But don't let us allow the pompous L.T.A. to bury our heads, as well as its own, in the golden sand.

We say, without fear of contradiction, that numbers of players who are professionals in all but name are being allowed to compete in, and carry off, tournaments against real amateurs.

The genuine sportsmen and sportswomen are robbed of every chance of success.

Many real amateurs are kept out of the great Wimbledon tournament because, year by year, places in these competitions have to be found for the shamateurs, whose sole object is the making of money or receiving their money's worth out of the great national game.

The names of these people are known to all those who follow the game.

No good purpose would be served by mentioning their names, but these payments are made secretly, and in all sorts of forms.

"We are all for the honest professional"
—D. Maskel, the English champion.
"Suzanne was one of the least of the sinners"

One name can be mentioned, for she is a professional, and it cannot hurt her now.

Had to have her

One year, when Suzanne Lenglen was at the height of her fame, a doubt was expressed as to whether she would come to Wimbledon.

A Wimbledon without Suzanne was viewed with horror, and forces were set to work. For days there was suspense—and then Suzanne arrived.

It is not suggested that any particular body paid her to come to Wimbledon, but she *was* paid.

Suzanne was worth ten or twenty times what was paid her, but she was still playing as an amateur, competing against and keeping out of the first places genuine amateur girl players of this and other nations.

But Suzanne was one of the least of the sinners. For years, even when she was well known, her father had to scrape and save in order to let his brilliant daughter have her chance at some big tournament.

There are plenty of other players who would need to scrape and save very hard to pay even half the money they are supposed to spend in attending tournaments.

Not long ago there was a tournament at a seaside town which gets an astonishing amount of free publicity. For a while there was a strained atmosphere.

It appeared that the Bank of England notes which one famous, but waning, woman player had "found" under her dressing-table tray represented only half the amount which a young and newly arisen star had been lucky enough to find in a similar place.

Both of them played at Wimbledon last year.

And no single player in that seaside tournament paid entrance-fees, railway-fares, amusements or hotel bills (including unlimited champagne) during that week.

Most of them received "presents," and the town thought the investment a good one, for the otherwise unimportant tournament was reported in all the newspapers, owing to the presence of "amateur" stars.

Not long ago, a young player, who looked a certainty for the championship one day or another, was receiving at the beginning of each season, for his own personal use, of course, one hundred rackets and 200 dozen balls.

Somehow or other he was always ready to tell any enquirers, and people who didn't enquire as well, what rackets he used, and how it helped him to win.

A firm of retailers took the rackets and balls from him, and he never used any of them except the two or three rackets specially built to his specification.

The honorary secretary of an important tournament, seeking prominent players a year or two ago, got into touch with some people connected in a mysterious way with the sporting trade.

The sports tradesmen actually controlled the movements of certain sets of players.

This was the stipulation: the "amateur" players would be allowed to play provided certain articles were used in the tournament, and freely advertised there.

Then, of course, there would be expenses—and—er—more expenses.

These were all Wimbledon tournament players.

We shall be left

To-day we have the spectacle of the L.T.A. feebly sanctioning amateurs to take part in *one* tournament with professionals. But only one—and not till 1931, if then!

While this weak policy proceeds America will almost certainly step in, run the first big professional-amateur meeting, and sweep away Wimbledon's claim to be the biggest meeting in the world.

Perhaps it will not, in the long run, be such a bad thing for lawn-tennis as it seems.

Will the Talkies SAVE *Variety?*

In Cochran's 1930 Revue Joan Clarkson is seen first in a short talking-film. Then the public see her in all her flesh-and-blood beauty. What a contrast!

THE decline of the British music-hall business is one of the great commercial tragedies of our time.

The old music-hall went out of fashion with the comedy of the variety theatre, and that in turn may seem to be succumbing to the conquering march of the musical play, revue and talking-picture.

Picture capital has cornered the entertainment world. Hundreds of music-hall artists, including most of the big stars, have been compelled to clear right out of the business.

The stars of the most recent past are more fortunate than their predecessors in the salaries they received and more careful in their expenditure, so that few who were in good positions are now in actual want.

But many of the smaller people find engagements few and far between, and are glad to take occasional film-jobs at a guinea a day or appear in clubs at salaries reckoned in shillings against former pounds.

Other old performers earn a small pittance at the obscure kinemas in all parts of the country.

On the kerb

Clever people, people with brains apart from the mere ability to "go on and do something," are high and dry on the rocks. And the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund is spending £200 a week in assisting old performers.

The principal indictment that the public had to level against variety was the failure of the artists to supply new material—a fault, by the way, for which the management was often as responsible as the artist.

How often have well-known single turns put on new numbers and been immediately requested by the manager to go back to the "old stuff"?

Bad booking brought about by graft inside the business was a big contributory factor.

At least one booking-manager alive to-day is calculated by those who should know to have received several thousand pounds in tips from artists.

It was no unusual thing for an artist to call at his date-book returned empty from a booking-manager on the first occasion, and on the second, when he was discreet enough to enclose a cheque for ten or twenty pounds, to receive it back choke-full of engagements.

The number of music-halls increased; the number of good turns to provide the programmes therein did not grow in the same proportion.

Ready-made

And managers found it very much easier to book on sharing terms a ready-made entertainment from the theatre, a revue or a picture, than exercise the skill and experience required in the picking of a music-hall bill.

To these root-causes must be added the popularity of whist-drives, daylight-saving, changes in popular taste, magnificent picture-palaces, and finally the talkie.

So much for the past—not forgetting its lessons. Now for the future and the influence that the talkie is likely to exert.

To begin with, talkies, the dread of the old amusement-world, are definitely giving work to quite a number of variety artists. Various musical films are being prepared in England for release this year.

The Gainsborough Studios have been working on "shorts"—talkies lasting ten minutes or so, usually performed by music-hall actors—and are releasing two big musical films, one of which is to have the title of "Variety."

They have employed nearly fifty music-hall artists in the last two or three months.

Gaumont British Films have also three or four big musical shows to release, including the talkie version of "Alf's Button," which has in it artists like Tubby Edlin, Nervo and Knox, John MacNally, Bruce Winston, and a number of dancing-troupes.

British International, Wardour Films and the British and Dominions Film Corporation also have musical and cabaret shows to offer. And there is likely to be a still wider field than at present.

The artist who makes a talkie-short of his act is taking a risk, for, as with broadcasting, he may render his material stale before he is seen in the flesh.

Or, robbed of the personality of the performer (which can hardly be mechanically reproduced to the full), a talkie may give a poor idea of an artist's stage capacity, and so prove a bad advertisement.

But since British talkies only comprise a tiny proportion of the films made and shown, obviously the great hope of variety does not lie in mere employment by the talk-film magnates.

It lies primarily in something more subtle, more indefinite, yet something that seems to be as inevitable as fate itself.

That something is the drama-cycle. And variety hopes that the talkie is going to speed its revolution.

History shows that different types of entertainment never die. They just go to sleep.

The minstrel troupe still exists in the concert party. The old Surrey melodrama did not die. It is now the crook play.

The talkies, in a sense, are keeping variety before the public, preventing audiences from forgetting its existence.

Sooner or later the public will cry out for flesh and blood instead of shadows.

Meanwhile let the variety world put its house in order ready for the change which is bound to come.

For when it does, when the public have really become satiated with canned music and photographs, when they insist on life instead of mechanics and rush to the reopened music halls, they will want the best, the very best, that variety can give them.

Talkies are enjoying a success by reason of their novelty and the comparative cheapness of the seats.

They may be improved and perfected, but when they have reached their apex of achievement they will still be mechanical entertainment.

Want the real thing

It seems a safe prophecy that the public will come back again to flesh-and-blood entertainment; indeed, they do not hesitate to show their approval of a good variety entertainment whenever opportunity offers.

Even in picture-palaces themselves variety turns secure some of the biggest applause.

Variety will not die.

It may be discredited by those who should be grateful to it for their fortunes, but it will recapture much of its lost ground.

MEET ELIZABETH!

The grand Easter Number of the *Passing Show*, on sale April 17, contains the first of a new series of "Elizabeth" stories by Florence Kilpatrick. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, Ashley Sterne, A.G.G., Will Scott, A. A. Thomson and other noted humorists are at the top of their form.

Don't miss this jolly budget of fun. 44 pages for twopence.

"The oven door swung round, caught me on the arm"

"I have used 'Vaseline' Jelly for over twenty years as a remedy for cuts, burns and bruises, and have never found anything to equal it for efficiency or cheapness. Hardly a week goes by without some mishap, more often than not to myself, while I'm busy in the house. The oven door, only the other day, swung round and caught me on the arm. 'Vaseline' Jelly instantly soothed the burn and helped it to heal naturally."

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TRIFLING accidents such as this are an inevitable part of the day's activities. Exposed to dirt and dust a cut, burn or bruise, however slight, runs a grave risk of infection.

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Eliminate risks from small accidents by having "Vaseline" Jelly always at hand. Chemists and stores stock it in jars and tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., London.

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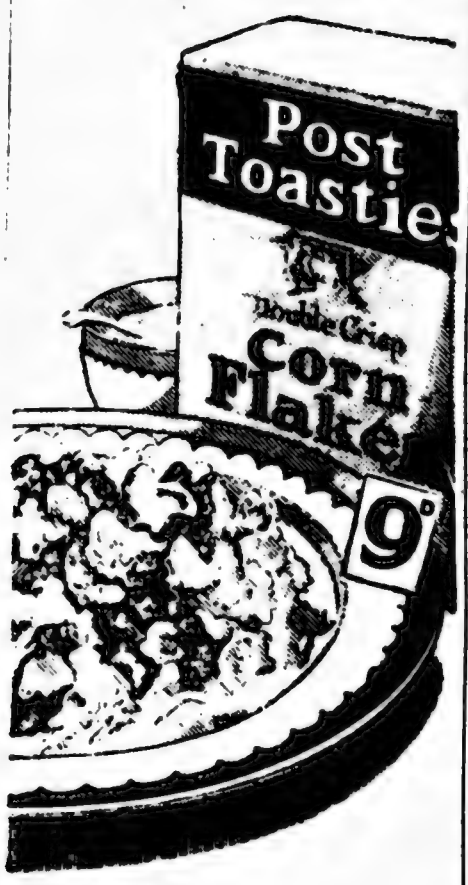

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WORLD'S FIRST Woman Chancellor

WHILE Mr. Snowden is preparing to launch his Budget upon us, the fate of the Russian taxpayers is being slowly yet surely decided by a woman—the only woman Chancellor of the Exchequer in the world.

She is Barbara Yakovleva, and she is known officially as "The People's Commissary for Finance."

Though a married woman, she, like many present-day Russians, prefers to use her maiden name.

Jokes about married women stealthily going through their husbands' pockets to balance their home budgets are legion; but it is no joke, surely, when a woman is officially empowered to rifle the pockets of a nation.

The Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic is the largest of the self-governing States comprising the Soviet Union, which has a government roughly similar to that of the United States, inasmuch as it is a collection of States and Republics, bound together by a federal constitution.

Colossal job

The area of the Republic is 92 per cent. of the total of the Soviet Union, and has a population of over one hundred million souls.

And Madame Barbara Yakovleva presides over its finances. Some job for a woman, you will say. And some job it is.

The Soviet budget year ends on September 30. Madame Yakovleva's Ministry is divided into various departments, such as State Revenues, Finance Control, Local Finance, Taxation, etc.

Her budget is submitted to the Council of People's Commissaries of the Soviet Union before it is law.

The budgets of the various constituent republics of the Union are harmonised, and brought within the lines of an All-Union budget.

When Madame Yakovleva sets about drawing up her budget, she does not have to rely so much upon direct taxation as does Mr. Snowden.

The principal industries in Russia are nationalised, and the profits from them—after deducting the necessary sums for taxation, maintenance and capital reserve—go partly to the treasury of the Republic in which they are situated and partly into the Soviet Union treasury.

Sharp on "gifts"

In Madame Yakovleva's territory, for example, are the bulk of the forests of Russia, and her exchequer derives a great part of its revenue from profits on timber sales and exports.

There is also a profit on land—the property of the State, on fisheries, and State-owned transport and communications.

The peasants pay only one tax, the so-called "single agricultural tax," which exempts them from all other taxation. It is based on the value of their land, cattle, etc.

Then there are inheritance taxes—very heavy ones—and "gift taxes," which are designed to prevent people evading death-duties by transferring property to another person.

All insurance and banking are also nationalised, which makes for a complicated budget. Insurance on goods in transport alone in the Republic last year amounted to over £53,000,000.

The expenditure of the budget also reads somewhat queerly to us.

Besides amounts earmarked for education, public health and "social welfare," there is an enormous sum set aside for expanding State industry and trade.

Nothing, however, is set aside towards the repayment of the huge sums which Russia owes to Britain.

Educational expenditure is heavy, for there are no private or endowed schools or colleges; all education is maintained by the State.

The same applies practically to public health; there are very few doctors in private practice, and these will soon be hounded out of existence.

She would like a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Snowden

Barbara Yakovleva is a woman of ripe middle-age. Already she has had a career rich in incident and variety.

She was born in Moscow, the daughter of a printer. In 1899, while a young student, she joined the Bolsheviks, and has been a member of their Party ever since.

Soon knew the world

Her childhood and youth were surrounded by revolutionary influences. For her father also was a Bolshevik.

Being a printer meant more, in the old Russia, than it does to us in this land.

It meant that he could read and write—which thousands of working people could not do then—and that he could teach his children to read and write.

Printers were the aristocracy of the Russian working-class. They received the wages of highly-skilled workers. So Barbara, while still a very young girl, entered the university in Moscow.

For several years she was engaged in the study of natural science. But all this time she was among the Reddest of the Red. Much of her work had to be in secret, owing to the laws prohibiting revolutionary organisations.

She was arrested several times.

Eve Goes Through 100,000,000 Pockets

Three time... banished, dur... revolutionary ... twice to t... provinces and Siberia.

Then came ... tion in 1917.

Madame Ya... an active part ... lution, prom... growth of th... workers' cou... sprang up ... throughout t... and assisting in ... whipping in t... and peasants ... the soviets in t... for power.

A whole-hogger

She believed ... trines of her ... whether one ag... with the fan... ciples she and ... advocated, none ... tion her consple... and readiness ... everything ... success.

That she wa... to stand by ... opinion is evinc... fact that she r... posed Lenin ... prominent Bolsh... the question of t... Litovsk treaty, the ... peace which ... sheviks conclude... Germans after th... tion.

Then follow... of civil war ...

During th... Madame Yako... busy roping ... workers and or... Commissariat ... Supplies, a ... portant branch ... Government du... days of fright... shortage which ... led to famine ...

After the de... Kolchak army in ... and the occupatio... of that territory ... Bolsheviks, Mad... leva went to Sib... she served as a membe... Siberian Revolutionary C... which was a sort of provis... governing Siberia, before ... tion of a soviet governme... region.

Busy time

Then, in 1921, she returne... cow, and the following ... appointed Assistant-Commi... Education for the Russian ... Federated Soviet Republic. ... position she occupied until ... she was appointed to he... post.

The position of Assistan... sary for Education was n... mean job.

It was equivalent to that ... mentary Secretary to the ... Education in our own coun... we had an Under-Secretary ... for Education—which we ha... would come even nearer ... description.

Madame Yakovleva is wo... at the head of her queer M... Moscow.

Undoubtedly she is e... terested in Britain's fo... Budget, now about to be pr... Mr. Snowden.

If they met—

She must laugh at the ... Chancellor who must find ... pay French, Italian *and* Rus... debts, and who has no powe... fiscation.

It would be instructive to ... a confidential heart-to-heart ... tween the able Chancellor of ... chequer and the woman ... Minister of Moscow.

'And I hardly thought I'd get it!'

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An Unsolved MURDER MYSTERY?

TOWARDS the end of the war I heard from a friend living in France a curious tale, which has inspired the following account of an unsolved murder mystery.

* * *

I.

"Well, dear, here is Mr. Robinson," said Mrs. Smith to her husband.

Famous in the recent annals of Scotland Yard as Divisional Detective-Inspector Tom Smith, he was now coughing his life away in a villa in the South of France which had been lent him by one of his chiefs.

The ailing man lifted himself slightly in his wide, comfortable French bed, and gazed at his visitor.

Mr. Robinson was an elderly man, with a kindly, mild, fairly intelligent face.

Though he was wearing a white alpaca suit, for it was very hot, he looked, every inch of him, British. But he and his wife had lived many years in the Provençal town of Leix.

"I wish I'd known before that you were at 'Les Mimosas,' said the visitor feelingly. "You and Mrs. Smith must find it a bit lonely sometimes."

"Lonely! I should think we do—don't we, mother?"

"Now that I've got to know Mrs. Robinson, I feel quite different," she answered.

As the days went on, Mr. Robinson would come daily to the villa, and the ex-inspector enjoyed telling his new friend of his exciting experiences.

But one day Mrs. Smith murmured: "I would just like to say a word to you, Mr. Robinson? Please just keep my husband off the Jones case.

"It was his only failure at the Yard, and for a while he'd talk of it even in his sleep. If he gets anywhere near that chap Alfred Jones, you just stop him."

Mr. Robinson smiled his mild smile. "Seems impossible your husband could ever have had a failure, doesn't it?"

The next day the bedridden man said to his friend: "And I'd like to tell you what I haven't told you yet—the story of my one failure."

Mr. Robinson got up. "You'll have to tell me that tale another time, for I've got to meet my wife in five minutes."

"Nonsense! It won't take five minutes, man. So just sit down again and listen."

DOWN again sat his kindly new friend.

"Some people called Jones bought a bungalow at Mitford Green in 1907. Jones, Christian name Alfred, had a good position with an old City firm and knew enough German and French to travel for it, now and again, on the Continent.

"As for Mrs. Jones? It's pretty clear that she was one of your nagging, mean, disagreeable women. Also she was very penurious. Anyway, Jones started carrying on a secret affair with another woman."

"Whatever makes you think he did that?"

There was a touch of real surprise in Mr. Robinson's placid voice.

The sick man smiled sardonically.

"To my mind, there's no doubt but what Alfred Jones had what they call here *une petite amie*, and I'll bet, too, that the sham Mrs. Jones had a good temper.

"The ailing man lifted himself slightly in his bed and gazed at his visitor . . ."

A "Stranger than Fiction" Story

by

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Illustrations by George Woods

"Well, there came a day when Jones came in for £3,000 from a cousin who died intestate. He made up his mind to chuck his work and do a bit of real sightseeing.

"They thought a lot of him, did his employers, and they gave him £50 as a parting gift.

"The money was presented to Jones in the form of fifty gold sovereigns, in the presence of all the employees, on June 26, 1914. D'you mark me? *1914.*

"Jones took his fifty new, shining sovereigns, and at about four o'clock he went home to Mitford Green.

"At five he went along to the house-agent—a man called Pratt—from whom he'd bought the bungalow, and, says he, quite calmly:

"'My wife and I are leaving Mitford Green to-day; we're going to travel a bit and see the world.'

"He handed Pratt his keys and a nice cheque, too, to pay the rates and so on, for as long as a year. He explained he'd turned off the water and the gas, and left everything O.K."

The sick man waited a moment and Mr. Robinson began to look worried. Surely his poor friend had talked enough for one day?

But the invalid began again:

"Now, follow me carefully. The next day—that was June 27, 1914—Jones sent a telegram from Liverpool to the firm which had given him such a good send-off; and, after that cheerful message, the chap disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up."

"What a strange thing," said Mr. Robinson.

"All the stranger, as there were two of them——"

MR. ROBINSON leaned forward. "I can't think why you think there was another woman?"

"'No motive, no murder.' Always works out true, even if it doesn't count according to British law."

"Murder?" repeated Mr. Robinson mechanically.

"Yes—murder. For I'm going to surprise you. On July, 10, 1914 there came a big thunderstorm at Mitford Green. The chimney of Jones' bungalow was struck.

"Pratt, the house-agent, had to open up the place, and as he walked in he saw—I expect you can guess what he saw Pratt saw?"

Mr. Robinson shook his head.

"He saw Mrs. Jones—stone-dead. Just one blow—that's what had done the poor woman in."

(Continued on page 26)

"Tremola"

(REGD)

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are made from a fabric specially woven to give style and ease without undue expense. You will be more than satisfied with their behaviour. There is a good choice of reliable colours and patterns.

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Plain or Cork Tipped
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led millions to adopt this remarkable Shaving Cream

1,000 men told us what they wanted in the ideal shaving preparation before we turned out a single tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Our chemists tried and discarded 129 different formulas before they produced the one we knew would win men from other brands. Then we marketed Palmolive Shaving Cream—an amazing new preparation which offered

5 Unique NEW Shaving features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

When we started to introduce Palmolive Shaving Cream we advertised DON'T BUY NOW.

Instead we urged men to try it first. Millions did. And, our records show, 87 men out of every 100 who made the test adopted Palmolive permanently.

Try it for yourself

Send for a 7-shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream—we feel you'll be convinced it's the finest shaving preparation you've ever tried. Settle all doubt by using the coupon. Now—before you forget!

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After-Shave Talc. Takes away that after-shave shine, but does not show on the face

7 SHAVE TEST

Simply insert name and address and send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to PALMOLIVE, Dept. S.C., Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1.

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"AN UNSOLVED MURDER MYSTERY?"—continued from page 24

"And you think——?"

"That Jones did it? It stands to reason he did."

"And what happened to Jones?"

"Ah! Now you're asking. Golly, how I worked to track down that chap. He'd nothing with him but those fifty sovereigns. That was the only thing that told against his wicked act being premeditated.

"Every day, every hour, I thought I'd get news of him. And so I would have done, if times had been normal.

"It was the war that saved Alfred Jones from being caught. Maddening bad luck, wasn't it?"

The other man rose from his chair. "I wouldn't worry any more about it if I were you. Very few men could say they'd only had one failure to their name."

"Still," said the other wistfully, "I sometimes feel I'd die happy if I could only know what happened to Jones."

II.

THE next morning Smith was not so well. "I feel bad to-day," said the invalid fretfully. "What have *you* been doing and thinking since yesterday?"

"I just sat at home, and thought over that case of yours, inspector; and I would like to tell you what *I* think happened to Jones."

Detective - Inspector Smith smiled a feeble, sceptical smile.

Mr. Robinson sat down and put the tips of his fingers together, and began:

"To my thinking, Jones was a silly, soft chap—the sort that marries a woman just because she's set on having him. And I'm certain sure that Mrs. Jones never stopped nagging him.

"When he made up his mind he would travel a bit, he never thought, poor mutt, of leaving his wife behind, which would have been the sensible thing to do."

"I wonder what you're driving at, Mr. Robinson?"

"You'll see in a minute," and he moistened his lips.

"My view is that Jones went home with his fifty sovereigns, feeling full of pride and joy, if you take my meaning?"

The sick man nodded.

"And when he got inside his place he must have said something to his wife like this: 'Now we're free, we'll see something of the world, my dear.'

"But what did *she* say? Why she, I take it, just went for him. Said she was fair sick of him and of his queer ideas; and that as for going away, nothing would make her do it.

"SHE demanded, too—at least, I'm sure she did—that he should hand over to her his fifty new sovereigns, for she was mean—penurious was the word you used, I think—as well as a nagger.

"I take it that Jones was so exasperated, so put about by her taunting words, that he gave her a push from the shoulder, as many a man would have done. Just a push as he passed by her, no more, no less.

"And then, to his horror, mind you, she fell down in a kind of fit, induced by the state she'd worked herself up into, and the back of her head hit their pianola. I take it they had a pianola?"

The sick man raised himself on one shaky elbow. "Why, yes, they had. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings'—eh, Mr. Robinson? Then you think she died a natural death?"

The other nodded. "I'm sure and certain she did!"

"But if your ingenious idea is right, why should Jones have bolted?"

"We know what he did do. After he had seen the house-agent, I think he said to himself: 'I'll go to Liverpool and send a telegram from there. That'll turn the scent for a bit at any rate.'

"But, mind you, he didn't sail on a ship from Liverpool, oh dear no!"

"And yet there was one mysterious couple as went by the next cheap boat to America."

"There wasn't another woman—believe *me*. Mrs. Jones had sickened Jones of women—at any rate, for a time.

"Besides, Jones couldn't have got away if he hadn't been alone."

The sick man took a sip of water. "Got away?' he repeated. "Got away where? You tell me that."

"According to my idea, he went straight to Paris."

"That he didn't! For I had them hot on him there."

Mr. Robinson looked with surprise at the man in bed. "Not hot on him, surely, for quite a long while?"

"Why, you're right! I'm going dotty, that I am. Jones had a full fortnight's start, and would have had, maybe, a year, but for that thunderstorm."

"I don't say Jones stayed long in Paris," observed Mr. Robinson. "No, I think he started walking. I can just see him walking, walking, walking——"

"Quite an ingenious idea, Mr. Robinson. But where was he when the hunt for him started?"

"There you have me. France is a big country," answered the other man slowly.

"He may," said the inspector considerингly, "have come down to a little town like this here."

"That's a good idea. There are always a lot of queer British chaps tramping about in France."

The invalid said, authoritatively: "Still, the French police would have nabbed Jones in time but for the war—if, that is, he *was* in France."

"I wonder if they would?"

The man in bed burst out laughing—and the laughter brought on his cough. "There's no one like an amateur detective for feeling sure he knows," he said chokingly. "Go on, Edgar Wallace!"

"To his ... fell down in ... fit and the ... head hit their ..."

Mr. Robinson smiled.

"Now, where was I? M... a way, I agree with you abo... It mayn't have been pleasa... one, but it was an uncom... sant thing for Jones."

"I'm sorry. But you've ... mistake—one that knocks ... out of your tale. Surely th... up all the British in ... August, '14?"

"It's you have made th... They didn't ever round up ... And there was plenty of ... France for anyone who kn... the whole of those four yea...

"I'd just like to ask you ..."

said ex-Inspector Smith... "What d'you surmise happ... the war was over, to that m... Did he settle down and ... French girl?"

Said Mr. Robinson hesitati...

"I think it's more likely ... touch with an Englishwoma... time got married to her.

"Lonely English ladies ha... putting advertisements in ... seeking for soldier godsons. ... met one of those."

"But Jones can't ever ha... soldier," said Mr. Smith, op... eye, "or he'd have been ... once. *I* never forgot Alfr... however busy I was with war...

"There was plenty to do b... lines," said the other man... "Quite enough for a man ... had a right to a godmother."

• • •

ABOUT ten o'clock the ... ing, Mrs. Smith met ... fellow-countryman, M... son, at the gate of ...

He had already heard the ... and he had come up to se... could do for her.

"Thanks to you," she sa... taking his hand in hers, ... dear Tom died happy. Indee... never known him appear me... and contented than he was ... ing after you had gone.

"We had quite a nice l... together, and when I told ... about your romantic marr... Mrs. Robinson, and what luck ... had as a godmother, he was as pleased as pleased.

"But in the night he began wander... ing. Two or three times he m... you; and then—wasn't it strange?—all at once he said, in a lou... voice:

"'Don't you fret about me, Jenny ... feel really happy at last—for I know now, what happened to Jones!

Next Week:

"The Turn-Abouts,"

by

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The cold cream in Gibbs works into the pores—as you shave—feeding the underlying skin tissue—having the effect of a cold cream massage. Both Gibbs Shaving Cream and Gibbs Shaving Stick give you the delightful Gibbs Cold Cream Shave—the British Shave

GIBBS SHAVING CREAM 1/- & 1/6
GIBBS SHAVING STICK ... 1/3
Refills ... ... 10d.
GIBBS SHAVING BOWLS
(Ebony finish) 2/6
WOODEN BOWLS ... 1/6 & 2/6
Refills 1/-

14 days FREE trial

Prove the delights of a Gibbs Shave. Send *to-day*, for generous Trial Samples of Gibbs Shaving Soaps—Tube and Stick. Both are good, but you get two so that you can choose which you like best. Send 3d. in stamps under cover of sealed envelope to:—D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 152V), London, E.1.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Model 1029
6/11

Bust sizes 32-46 ins. Pink cotton coutil of excellent wearing quality. Fully boned. Fitted to elastic Belt. We can also supply this Corset-Model with lacing at back and front at 7/11. Send bust size. Sold under our usual guarantee. Satisfaction or cash refunded.

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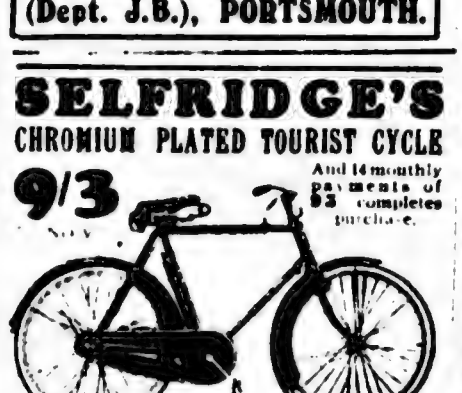

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? What to do with our boys and girls ?

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ON LEAVING SCHOOL

BY

LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE, C.B.E., LL.D.

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3/6 net

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The Burden of a PLANTATION Love Episode

MARRIED to a charming wife, and father to one sweet, fair-haired child, I am now in the early thirties.

I should be the happiest man alive, but I have a distressing secret.

Ten years ago I went out as overseer on a South African rubber-plantation in the interior. I was the only white man.

At first I liked the life. The climate was not unendurable, and I enjoyed being boss and the diversion, whenever I felt like it, of shooting big game.

My feelings changed with the monotonous days of the rainy season, and the daily routine became a nightmare.

My nights were made hideous by the fiendish row kicked up by native workers with their tom-toms.

One night, fed up beyond endurance with the racket, rage overwhelmed me, and going into the native compound I scattered the "musicians" with some violence.

The scene was watched with malicious enjoyment by one of the most beautiful half-caste women I had ever set eyes upon, and it was not long before this person came insinuating herself into my quarters.

I had been carefully warned of the danger of having anything to do with such women, and up to now had carefully avoided entanglements.

This night, however, I was in such a state of nerves that pride, caution and warnings all went to the wind.

From that night, for years, I and this woman lived as man and wife, and in course of time she bore me two illegitimate children. When I left the country I left them all behind.

Now, after two years of married happiness, there has arrived in this seaside town where we reside an overseer's widow, who knows every detail of my life in South Africa.

The climate has taken toll also of this woman, for she is an addict to drugs and drinks like a fish.

At first I thought she was going to show common-sense in keeping her mouth shut, but the moment she found herself short of cash she applied to me.

Foolishly I bought her silence, but her demands are insistent and her price is always rising.

I cannot bear to see my hard-earned money flow away like water to this blackmailer, but to let my wife know the cad I have been is even more impossible.

"HUMANIST" says: Put the blackmailer out of action by confiding in your wife. Women are forgiving creatures, and it is certain also that your wife will not allow her home to be threatened.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

RUNAWAY WIFE

in sore straits

TWO years ago my husband bought a little drapery business in the country. We both put our backs into it, and it flourished from the start.

Then, without any previous warning, my husband introduced a showy, lively girl into our home as a companion-help.

When I remonstrated about his conduct with her, he said that if I didn't like it I could clear out.

There were three children, and for their sake I decided to wait.

My husband received word that his mother was stricken with an incurable illness, and in an instant he suggested that I should take the children with me, and go and nurse her to the end.

Any change was welcome, and I just did as I was told. But time dragged on, and the invalid neither passed away nor got better.

So, in desperation against giving up my home so tamely to another woman, I decided to return, bringing my husband's mother with me.

I kept my humiliation to myself, and the sufferer was too ill to notice the sneers of the bouncing lady-assistant.

During the last stages, my husband scarcely went near his mother. Before she died I had on many occasions to run downstairs and beg him to stop thumping on the piano.

He cheered up when he found that she had left him quite a nice little income; but the place became untenable for me, and one night, when the conduct of my husband and the assistant was quite unendurable, I fled to my parents, taking with me all three children. The following July my fourth baby was born.

The moment I was out of the way my husband sold up and went off with the girl.

From that day all trace was lost, and here am I with four tiny children to support. My parents are old, with nothing but their old-age pensions to depend on, and I am down to my last penny.

"HUMANIST" says: It is too late to blame you for not taking a strong stand with your husband at the first hint of trouble.

Further, you weakened your position by running away. But you have a remedy.

Ask the police to find him. The magistrates will at least make him support the children.

LET HIM TASTE

hunger

I AM the eldest daughter in a family of four, two girls and two boys. Father is a complete invalid; all worry and excitement must be kept away from him.

My parents run a small business which barely pays. Mother has worked herself to skin and bone, almost to breaking-point, and the doctor ordered her away for a complete change. We all agreed that father must go with her.

This left me with both the home and the business to run.

Now trade slackness has thrown both my brothers out of work.

This causes my younger brother acute suffering. He tries his utmost to find work, manages on as few coppers as possible, and hands over the rest of his "dole" to me.

But the behaviour of the other brother is making me miserable. He gives me only one-third of what he draws. He makes no great effort to find work, and expects the same food, pleasures, and renewal of boots and other clothes.

When I remonstrate, he sneers in my face. He says the business is doing well enough, and I am just scraping in order to feather my own nest.

"HUMANIST" says: Refuse to take the inadequate sum your brother offers you. Tell him to get lodgings elsewhere to see for himself how far the money goes.

If he won't do this, refuse to supply him with any meals other than those he is willing to pay for. A day's hunger may bring him to his senses quicker than a month of remonstrances.

Jock Rutherford's EASTER FORECASTS

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 18

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—Div. I.—ARSENAL v. Leicester; BOLTON v. [illegible]; EVERTON v. Burnley; Grimsby v. [illegible]; MINGHAM; MANCHESTER U. v. [illegible]field; NEWCASTLE v. Liver[illegible]; NORTHAMPTON v. Aston Villa; WEST HAM v. Sheffield U.

Div. II.—BLACKPOOL v. O[illegible]; BURY v. Notts Forest; CARDIFF v. Reading; CHARLTON v. Swansea; CHELSEA v. Bristol C.; HULL v. Bradford C.; MILLWALL v. Barnsley; PRESTON N.E. v. [illegible] Co.; TOTTENHAM v. West Ham.

Div. III. (South).—BRIGHTON v. Coventry; Bristol Rovers v. Cardiff; Gillingham v. SOUTHEND; NORWICH v. Crystal Palace; PLYMOUTH v. Queen's Park Rangers; SWINDON v. Watford.

Div. III. (North).—CARLISLE v. Accrington Stanley; CHESTERFIELD v. Barrow; CREWE ALEX. v. Barrow; DONCASTER v. Rotherham; New Brighton v. STOCKPORT; PORT VALE v. York C.; Rochdale v. Hartlepools; SOUTHPORT v. Wrexham; SOUTH SHIELDS v. Darlington; TRANMERE v. Lincoln C.; NELSON v. Bolton.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—Div. I.—BIRMINGHAM v. Portsmouth; Blackburn v. Sheffield Wed.; Grimsby v. DERBY; HUDDERSFIELD v. Arsenal; Leicester v. Manchester C.; LIVERPOOL v. Sunderland; MANCHESTER U. v. Everton; MIDDLESBROUGH v. Burnley; NEWCASTLE v. Leeds; SHEFFIELD U. v. Aston Villa; WEST HAM v. Bolton.

Div. II.—BARNSLEY v. W[illegible]; BLACKPOOL v. Bradford C.; BRADFORD v. Stoke; BURY v. Swansea; CHELSEA v. Cardiff; Millwall v. Notts C.; NOTTS FOREST v. Preston N.E.; OLDHAM v. Bristol C.; SOUTHAMPTON v. TOTTENHAM v. Charlton; WBA v. WICH v. Hull C.

Div. III. (South).—BRIGHTON v. Bournemouth; BRIGHTON v. Q.P.R.; BRISTOL R. v. Walsall; CHARLTON v. ORIENT v. Luton T.; COVENTRY v. [illegible]end; Merthyr v. CRYSTAL PALACE; Newport Co. v. NORTHAMPTON; PLYMOUTH A. v. Norwich C.; Swindon v. TORQUAY U. v. Gillingham; WATFORD v. Exeter C.

Div. III. (North).—Barrow v. [illegible]MERE; CARLISLE U. v. Rochdale; CREWE ALEX. v. Darlington; NELSON v. New Brighton v. Chesterfield; PORT VALE v. Lincoln C.; Southport v. ASTOCKPORT v. Doncaster; Rotherham U.; WREXHAM v. YORK C. v. Hartlepools.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Div. I—Airdrie v. Queen's Park; Aberdeen v. RANGERS; CELTIC v. Kilmarnock; DUNDEE v. DENBEATH v. Hamilton Acad.; Dundee U. v. Hibernians; HEARTS v. MOTHERWELL v. Morton; Partick v. Mirren; ST. JOHNSTONE v. [illegible]

Div. II.—Alloa v. [illegible]; ARBROATH v. Queen of the South; BRECHIN v. Dunfermline; DUMBARTON v. St. Bernards; EAST FIFE v. [illegible]; FORFAR v. Bo'ness; KING'S PARK v. Clydebank; LEITH v. STENHOUSEMUIR; RAITH R. v. Albion R.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 21

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—Div. I.—ASTON VILLA v. Portsmouth; Derby v. [illegible]field Wed.; LEICESTER C. v. [illegible]; LIVERPOOL v. Newcastle U.; MANCHESTER C. v. Leeds U.; Middlesbro' v. Blackburn R.; SUNDERLAND v. [illegible]

Div. II.—BARNSLEY v. Millwall; BRADFORD C. v. Hull C.; Bristol C. v. [illegible]; NOTTS FOREST v. Bury; Preston N.E. v. Blackpool; READING v. Cardiff; SOUTHAMPTON v. Bradford; SWANSEA v. [illegible]ton Ath.; WEST BROMWICH A. v. Wolverhampton v. Stoke.

Div. III. (South).—BOURNEMOUTH v. Norwich C.; BRENTFORD v. Queen's Park Rangers; CLAPTON O. v. [illegible]; CRYSTAL PALACE v. Luton T.; NORTHAMPTON; FULHAM v. Newport v. PLYMOUTH A. v. Gillingham; TORQUAY v. WATFORD v. Swindon.

Div. III. (North).—ACCRINGTON v. S. Shields; Barrow v. Crewe A.; CHESTERFIELD v. CHESTERFIELD; HARTLEPOOLS v. Rochdale; LINCOLN C. v. [illegible]; WIGAN v. Nelson; ROTHERHAM v. Doncaster; WREXHAM v. [illegible]; YORK C. v. PORT VALE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Div. I—Clyde.

TUESDAY, April 22

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—Div. I.—BIRMINGHAM v. Grimsby T.; [illegible]FIELD T. v. Manchester U.; Manchester C. v. SHEFFIELD W.

Div. II.—BRADFORD v. [illegible]; NOTTS CO v. Preston N.E.

Div. III. (South).—Coventry v. Merthyr v. Torquay U.; NORTHAMPTON v. Exeter; NORWICH v. Bournemouth; PULHAM v. [illegible]

A New Delicious Beverage!

STOP ABSORBING DANGEROUS TANNIC ACID AND CAFFEINE!

NUTRAVITE

NUTRAVITE is a nutty product, hence that piquant flavour and exquisite aroma.

All we ask is to try NUTRAVITE once, instead of tea and coffee, for your diet.

NUTRAVITE is in granular form and is made of Nuts, Vitamins and full-Cream Malt, contains nothing injurious, and is prepared the same as tea or coffee. It doesn't make you nervy. It doesn't make you suffer from giddiness, depression, disordered stomach, drowsiness, livor, constipation, indigestion, sleeplessness. Ask your doctor!

Extract from Black's Medical Dictionary: "Tannic acid when brought into contact with any mucous membrane contracts it and diminishes its secretion. It coagulates albuminous substances, and thus hardens animal foods with which it is mixed. When absorbed into the circulation it is changed into Gallic Acid. Tea poisoning is rather a vague but troublesome condition in which persons who drink too much of this beverage suffer from indigestion, palpitation of the heart, fainting, depression and extreme nervousness."

Very few people know that a cup of coffee contains nearly 2 grains of Caffeine and about 5 grains of tannic acid!

Do you know that tea-leaves contain about 10% of tannic acid and about 2% to 4% of caffeine? Just think of the amount of these virulent drugs you absorb during the year! and the effect on your health. Just try NUTRAVITE for a week or two and note the wonderful improvement in your health.

Free Sample for Everyone.

Read these Testimonials.

"I tried NUTRAVITE myself and liked it. I recommended it in a most severe case to a patient who could not take any hot beverage with his meals. He is thriving on NUTRAVITE."—M. L. S., Lerwick.

"I must say NUTRAVITE is all you claim. My indigestion has ceased, I sleep better, and now feel thoroughly well. Please post me some pamphlets to enable me to tell my friends."—C. R., Whitburn, West Lothian.

"I am a night worker. After my day-sleep I was listless. Since drinking NUTRAVITE, even in the space of a few days, I feel really fresh and alert after my sleep, without any of the usual stiffness on rising."—E. T., Rochester.

"I find NUTRAVITE very satisfactory. I have tried many beverages for gastric troubles, but this is the best. Please send me a 5/- tin. P.O. enclosed."—H. F. G., Trowbridge.

"Am enclosing another 5/- P.O. for more NUTRAVITE. We are all feeling much better in health since taking NUTRAVITE."—L. B., Tunbridge Wells.

"I find NUTRAVITE very nourishing, and after taking NUTRAVITE I have not been troubled with vomiting. NUTRAVITE has such a delicious flavour it makes me seem to want more."—Macclesfield.

EXTRAORDINARY GUARANTEE!

Obtain a 1/3 (30 cups) or 3/- (80 cups) packet of Nutravite from your chemist, grocer, or stores. Use all the contents. If you do not feel better in health, if you do not think NUTRAVITE more delicious than tea or coffee, or if for any conceivable reason you are not thoroughly pleased and completely satisfied, we want you to post us the wrapper and we will refund your money by return post, and the trial will cost you nothing!!

Associated Nut Plantations

(Nutravite, Ltd., Proprietors),

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Now You Can Feed Your Hungry Skin!

And Have a Beautiful Clear Complexion in 28 Days

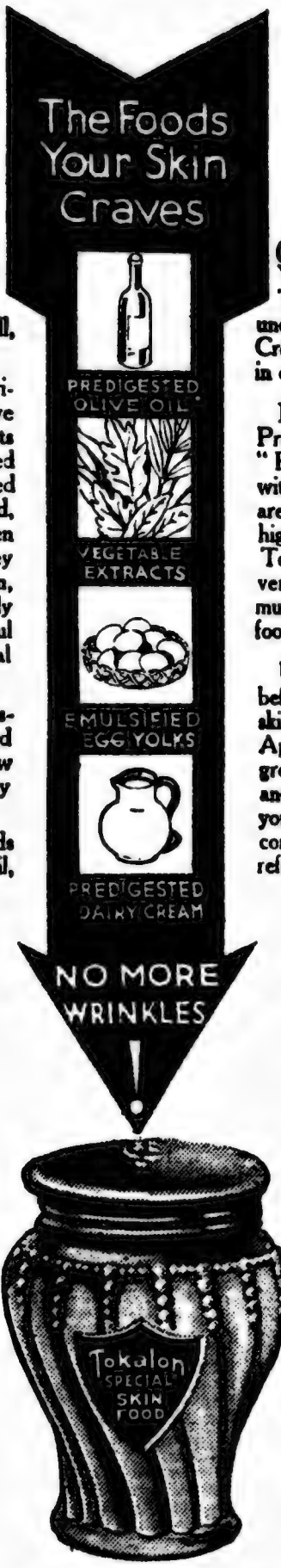
Discovery by Vienna University Medical Professors Proves that Women can look *Always Young*

It has been proved that it is not age but under-nourishment which causes the face to sag, wrinkle, and fade. The face because it is always exposed needs extra nourishment to stay full, firm, and keep its youthful beauty.

World famous physicians and scientists, experimenting at Vienna Medical University have discovered positively that the skin can eat. Tests made with hundreds of persons demonstrated that correctly prepared food can be applied externally, absorbed through the pores, digested, and converted into living cells and tissues. Women of 50 and more have regained the beauty they had at 30. The worst cases of sagging skin, wrinkles and faded colour have been amazingly beautified. Any woman can regain youthful appearance and quickly correct the facial blemishes that mar her beauty.

Young women who through neglect or misfortune have allowed their pores to enlarge and their faces to become greasy and sallow, can now get back their natural beauty and freshness by scientific skin feeding.

By many tests it was proved that the foods the skin needs are (1) Predigested Olive Oil, (2) Predigested Dairy Cream, (3) Emulsified Vegetable Extracts, (4) Emulsified Egg-Yolks. These nourishing ingredients are guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to be contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood, scientifically combined in exactly correct proportions.



Dr. Grosmand, Doctor of Medicine and late Professor of the Clinic of Dermatology, says—"Predigested fresh cream and olive oil, combined with emulsified vegetable extracts and egg-yolk are rapidly absorbed by the skin and contain highly nourishing food value needed by the skin. To make complexion defects disappear and prevent old and faded complexions and sagging facial muscles I always recommend Crème Tokalon Skinfood which contains these prescribed food elements."

Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) before retiring. It will refresh and revive your skin almost beyond belief even in one night. Apply White Skinfood (Vanishing, free from grease) in the morning. Continue this treatment and it is guaranteed to bring the expression of youth to your face and to give a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or your money will be refunded.

THE HUNGRY SKIN.

£1,000 GUARANTEE Try this new treatment for a month and see for yourself the *Amazing Results*

CREME TOKALON SKINFOOD (ROSE COLOUR) for night use 1/3. WHITE SKINFOOD (vanishing, non-greasy) for day use, 1/-. Ask for them by the full name.

FREE TRIAL—De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Creme Tokalon Skinfoods, for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 570F), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

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WORLD BEAUTY QUEEN SAYS: "In the most thrilling moment of my life—before the judges of the world's greatest beauty contest—I depended on Crème Tokalon Skinfood. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is really wonderful for the complexion and keeps the skin firm, fresh and young. To all women and girls whose work or social life make it desirable to look always as charming as possible, I recommend Crème Tokalon Skinfood I use it regularly." Miss Universe

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"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

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In any League or on any List.

Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds.

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The IDEAL LAND for SPRING and EARLY SUMMER HOLIDAYS!!

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By MAXWELL FRASER.

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SLEEPLESSNESS AND INDIGESTION.

Obviously you can't get sound, refreshing sleep if harmful acid is attacking the delicate lining of your stomach the whole night through. This acid causes fermentation of your food, prevents proper nourishment of the body, brain and nerves, and, in time, makes you really ill. The remedy prescribed by doctors for this trouble (and used in hospitals too) is 'Bisurated' Magnesia. The very moment it enters the stomach 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises all trace of harmful acid and stops the fermentation. The pain goes instantly and normal digestion commences. There is nothing to disturb your rest, and you'll rise in the morning refreshed in both body and mind. You can get 'Bisurated' Magnesia from any chemist's at 1s. 3d. for either powder or tablet form, and there is no quicker, safer, or surer stomach remedy to restore healthy, painless digestion.

Our Letter Parliament

WHAT Good Friday MEANS TO ME

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 22.

HOW SPORT TOUCHES MY LIFE

does not affect me now, having worked every holiday time and every Sunday since 1920. It is just another busy day in a 'busman's life.

If I get a 100 per cent. running, non-stop, on Good Friday, my work will have been done well, and I shall be satisfied and happy.—*C. W. Whaler, Co. Durham.*

His "Summer Time"

I am an ice-cream maker and vendor (British), and, owing to the "legacy" the Great War left me unfitted for anything else.

My summer commences on Good Friday, and on the country roads and lanes of Derbyshire I shall be seeking my living out of the holidays of others.

Up in the morning at 4.30 a.m., getting ready for the day; out until darkness falls, vending my "creamo"; then (if the weather and fates have been kind) preparing more for the morrow.

Bed about 12 p.m., and I am prepared to say, Thank God for a "Good" Friday.—*W. Monk, Derby.*

Eggs

My happiest day in the year. I rise early to distribute Easter eggs to thirty Sunday-school scholars—children who live in squalid rooms and have little pleasure, but plenty of ... curses.

The economy that I have ... from Christmas to Easter ... when I see the delight ... child.

Our minister says that we should worship in God's house on Good Friday; but I find that I come much nearer His shrine in delightful ones.—*Happy, Lan...*

Something to Do

I am a painter, ... many months of ... tion. Good Friday ... me and my family ... ning of a happier ...

What a busy time ... working all day and best ... night through the Easter ... one of the large offices in ... stores in the West End of L...

We earn good pay, and it ... a run of work, as the worker ... ally noted and kept on by ... tors.—*Painter, Palmer's Gre...*

A Day in Eden

God long ago a garden ...
A man He put to till,
Can it be wrong with hoe ... do
This day to do His will?

Not in grey fanes where all ...
And hymns of sadness ...
But where the lark sings his ...
Beneath fair April skies.

I sow in faith my tiny seed ...
And turn the rich brown ...
I cannot think that pedant ...
Bring hearts more near ... God.

—*Loftus Dale ...*

Jack's Afloat

A day of loneliness and ... memories.

I became engaged to my husband one Good Friday, and always managed to spend ... gether since.

This year he is at sea, ... having a jolly day together ... few thousand miles apart.

I shall try hard not to envy wives who have their men ... Easter, and try to find co... His last letter and the comic baby son.—*A Sailor's Wife, ...*

Triumph to Come

Like Armistice Day, it is ... of supreme sacrifice ... fruitless.

The sublime grandeur of the Figure on the cross haunts ... picture the sad eyes even ... sorrow for a suffering world.

Yet I feel that a sacrifice ... must surely be rewarded. ... awakening sense of duty to ... and our determination to ... ing peace between nations ... signs of coming triumph ... for humanity.—*M. H., Nort...*

In the Scales

"Bad Friday," because ... hour has for years now bro... antagonism and intellectual ... as to what Christ died for ... to make the world as it is.

Good Friday, with its ... nificance, in this modern ... hypocrisy, has become a mo... ing-machine, and each ye... need more adjusting.—*L... London.*

• • •

Hot Cross Buns

It gives me something ... struggle on for—so I thank G... Friday.—*Unemployed, Scun...*

Good Friday reminds me ... Christ's greatest teachings ... means death, fight for wh... sider right, to the bitter en... *Leyton.*

A workless day, which I ca... fish for dinner, which I de... cross buns, which would ru... tion if I ate one.—*J. M., Sl...*

The same as it does to ... other people who would ... admit it—just a day's ... *"Candid," Clapham.*

For fifteen years I have bee... On Good Friday I am a so... a lodger, and my "landlady" ... in the world—my mother ... *Coventry.*

An extra long and painf... wondering how my poor ... manage the following week's ... wages.—*J. E., Manchester.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Queen's Prize Winner

A GLANCE at the "Racing Calendar" shows me that there are seventeen race-meetings on Easter Monday—Kempton, Birmingham and Newcastle stage Flat programmes.

National Hunt and Hunt fixtures will be carried out at Manchester—a fine card—Carlisle, Cardiff, Wetherby, Torquay, West Norfolk, Market Rasen, Towcester, Herefordshire, Huntingdon, Wincanton and Eridge. Ireland throws in a couple to make up the number.

The tit-bit of the batch is Kempton where the Queen's Prize is set for decision. I hope to see Sartellus win this, but suggest a saver—each-way—on Rubicon II.

Sartellus is not, by any means, the best of Mr. A. K. Macomber's seventy or eighty horses, but he is useful and has not much to beat.

Arctic Light (4 to 1) came up for the Code followers in the Lingfield Handicap. Pot Hot (3 to 1) obliged at Pontefract, and Golden King (100 to 8) at Newbury.

With a shade of luck, we should have been quids in at Leicester and Pontefract. Three consecutive selections—Bousaada, 7 to 1; Trojan, 8 to 1; Good Mint, 7 to 2, finished second. This trio is worth following, particularly Trojan. Physic Ball struck me as one of the easiest winners at Leicester. He is not considered of much class, but providing he is kept to "sellers" will win again.

His Sartellus is useful.

I hope to code a couple of "plums" at Plumpton this week-end. Backers should obtain their Bank Holiday expenses over Pine Bluff, Grandene, Tootenhill, Yarmouth, Gallina and Puttacota.

I shall code the best pair.

A word of warning to the big crowds who attend this popular jumping fixture. Beware the three-card merchants who infest the course. It is not easy to back winners, but it is much more simple than "trying to find the lady"!

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows: It covers the racing from Thursday, April 17, to Wednesday, April 23.

5 D C X P V E O 2 K T 8 N R Z
G Y B M F J 3 A W 9 U I L H Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

IOHUBNNTI would read SARTELLUS. "SILVER RING."

CASH PRIZE COMPETITION

£500

For the best "Kompliments" to

ENTER TO-DAY

Car Komposill, the new Komposill in the RED Tube, is specially prepared for the motorist to clean and polish large surfaces quickly and easily. Car Komposill removes dirt, grease and tar and produces a brilliant polish on any type of bodywork, (cellulose varnish or fabric), restoring and preserving the original colour.

Equally effective for metalwork, glass and celluloid curtains. As easy to use as a liquid and more economical. Invaluable to cyclists and motor-cyclists.

Always keep a tube of Komposill, in the YELLOW tube, in your home. It is unequalled for cleaning and polishing (at the same time) all your Furniture, your metalwork, mirrors, baths, tiles, gas or electric cooker. Komposill removes hot plate marks, surface scratches and stains from furniture, and imparts a non-sticky, mirror-like finish that does not fingermark.

To assist in our Advertising schemes we desire to find suitable 'Kompliments,' by which we mean original Slogans, Short Sentences, or Couplets likely to catch the public eye, and we therefore offer the following Cash Prizes :—

1st Prize £250,

2nd Prize £50, 3rd Prize £25,

5 Prizes of £5 each, 150 Prizes of £1 each,

for the best efforts submitted in accordance with the following rules. Komposill Universal, Ltd., reserve the right to use any attempt submitted whether or not a prize is awarded.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

This Competition is the essence of simplicity. All you are asked to do is to write an original Slogan, Short Sentence or Couplet describing the merits or uses of Komposill. A slogan we have already used is: "It's Easier Still with Komposill"; and a phrase we have used is: "Komposill, the Polish that Cleans."

RULES.

Write your chosen Slogan or Couplet on a sheet of notepaper, add your name and address in capital letters and [illegible] your attempt the end of the 10½d. or 1/6d. sized Komposill or Car Komposill carton which must bear the words "Komposill, Open this End." Send your attempts to Komposill Competition, 45, [illegible] Street, London, W.C.1. Each competitor may make more than one attempt provided each has the [illegible] carton attached and the envelope has been properly stamped. Proof of posting is not proof of delivery. The Competition closes on May 31st, 1930. All entries must have been received by the first post on that day. The entries will be judged by the Board of Directors of Komposill Universal, Ltd., and their Advertising Agent, and their decision will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted concerning the Competition. No employees of the Advertising Agent may compete. All Prize Winners will be notified direct and results will be published in The Daily Mail, The Daily Express," and "John Bull" as early as is possible having regard to the number of entries to be judged. It is hoped this will be during the month of June.

BUY A TUBE TO-DAY——YOU CAN WIN £250

CAR KOMPOSILL (In Red Tubes) 1/6

From Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers; Stores, Oil and Colourmen and Garages.

HOME KOMPOSILL (In Yellow Tubes) 10½d. and 1/6

Wholesale Agents, except Motor Trade: Pinchin, Johnson & Co., Ltd., Aldwych, London, W.C.2
Wholesale Agents to Motor Trade: Boyce Motor Accessories, Ltd., London, N.7.

"healed in 2 days!"

ULCERS

3 LONG pain-filled months; ulcers that would NOT go. Then GERMOLENE—relief! and complete cure in two days! Here is her own *unsolicited* letter—*the original may be seen at our offices.*

"Having scalded my leg rather badly, I was obliged to take special treatment for close on three months, as large ulcers developed. I was recommended all kinds of ointments, but all of no avail, until I tried Germolene. After TWO DAYS' application, the ulcers entirely healed."—*Mrs. Emily Hale, 40, Robertson Road, Queen's Road, Clapham, S.W.8.*

It's the ASEPTIC (non-smarting) action that does it. Soothes where antiseptics sting; gently *ejects* the poisons doesn't *burn* them out. And the skin-and-tissue building properties are so perfect that not a scar is left! Wise wives keep a ready-for-accidents tin on the bathroom shelf. Get yours TO-DAY!

Never NEGLECT a scald.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Bad Leg
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad legs. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Ulcers
abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolets to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Eczema
infectious rashes, acne and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve Irritation and clear the skin.

Rashes
and Impetigo every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

Use it instead of ordinary Soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Get your tin TO-DAY!

Rudge-Whitworth

BRITAIN'S *BEST BICYCLE* FOR

8/6 MONTHLY

The only machine with the weatherproof ALL-RUBBER PEDAL.

Crescent Model

CASH

£4 - 19 - 6

Coupon for FREE Booklet.

To RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd., Coventry.

Please mail me by return your 1930 Art Cycle Catalogue with particulars of Easy Payments.

Name .....

Address .....

J B 19/4 ½d. if unsealed.

At **SIX O'CLOCK**

Hair still smooth and neat after a strenuous day in town—still retaining its early morning gloss! It's always so with men who use Anzora—the finest Hair fixative—the original—and British. Refuse all substitutes.

Anzora Cream, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows. Anzora Viola, for dry scalps, contains a little oil of violets. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

JB

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Isora Perfumery Co., Ltd., LONDON, N.W.6

GRAVES SCREENED GRID '3' FOR 15/- NOW

Send 1S.- now, and complete purchase in 18 monthly payments of 15/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval.

SUPREME IN QUALITY AND PERFORMANCE

Graves Screened-Grid 3-Valve Set has great power, long range, and gives amazing results in receiving Home and Continental Stations.

Beautiful No 14 Oak Cabinet, moulded Bluh front panel with slow-motion Dials. Range British 5 to long or short wave-lengths. No aerial nid. H.F. Valve, Detector and Pow r-power Valves; Latest Type H.T. Battery. 2 volt 20 amp accumulator (18 complete Aerial Outfit, no extras. LOUD SPEAKER of exclusive design in Figured Oak, to match. Mag nific nt volume and tone. **£12:15:0**

Prices even lo'er and Carriage Paid.

The GRAVES 'TRIGAT' 3-VALVE CIRCUIT SCREENED GRID and Illustrated Instr. Oh. Cabinet, Dull Emitter Valves, H.T. Battery, 2 Volt Accumulator, Aerial Outfit, Loud Speaker to match **£7:17:6**

Terms: 20/- with Order and 15 Monthly Payments of 10/6

Catalogue Post Free. Full particulars of Mod rn Receivers of both 3 & 4 Valves, also Portable Sets and other Receiving Sets in our

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Make sure of it this week—win

JOHN BULL'S £500 must-be-won X-Word

TAKE it steady, leave nothing to chance. Don't let JOHN BULL'S £500 Crossword Puzzle "flutter" away from you this week. Don't rush, think carefully—one last deft move—and you've "netted" £500!

JOHN BULL'S £500 Crossword is absolutely fair. No one has the advantage of you. The all correct or nearest correct solution wins every time.

Set out to chase that £500 now!

An extra £50 for runners-up!

JOHN BULL will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 60 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), April 24th.

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on Thursday, May 1st. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 8th.

Result of Crossword No. 57 appears on page 14.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 60), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, April 24th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co / —, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, May 8th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, May 13th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), April 24th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 60

Entry Form "A."

JB 60

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB 60

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), April 24th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

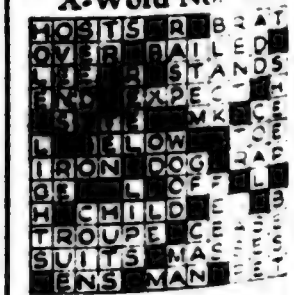
1. Public vehicle.
3. Done to a ball in a game.
8. Not in.
9. Yellow flower.
11. Scarce.
12. Often leads to bitter end?
13. Must be watched during [illegible].
14. Very muted.
15. Exclamation of derision.
16. Piece of kitchen furniture.
20. Old maid is partial to.
22. Serpent.
24. Part of the foot.
25. Partner.
29. Seen on a sports ground.
31. First number.
32. Second number.
33. Dried grass.
34. Countryside provides.
35. Mariner makes use of.

Clues Down.

1. Father sometimes is.
2. These show advancement.
3. Money wallets.
4. Athlete is at end of race.
5. Send out.
6. Friend of man.
7. Protects cargo.
10. Readers of cards.
14. "Early bird" gets this.
15. Usually worse than both.
17. Form of transport.
18. Remain.
19. To put by.
21. Reward.
23. Portions.
26. Makes wise notes [illegible].
27. Uncrooked.
28. Sun's light gives us.
30. Motor vehicle.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 58.



JB 58

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 58 is given with as matter of interest. Our X-word competitors wish to emphasise that claims are required for X-word, as all entries being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this X-Word have a shot at the new Easy Word "Postscripts" competition in "The Passing Show" on Friday, 2d. Prizes value over £500. Three shots for sixpence.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

C. (Ru[illegible])—"*A man recently sued 20lbs. of salt quite from the London docks.*" . . .

T. B. [illegible]—"They say the [illegible] into fashion." To [illegible]

A. G. [illegible]—"I suffer from [illegible] or are you married?

T. K. [illegible]—"I'm going to give you a piece of my mind." It can only be a small [illegible]

C. Y. [illegible]—"There should be plenty in everything," including just a little for [illegible]

G. G. [illegible]—"He pleaded that he killed his mother-in-law out of sympathy." Out of sympathy with himself?

P. P. [illegible]—"They say that the famous writer, Thomas Carlyle, was a great advocate of the virtue of silence." Yet he was very [illegible] old volumes.

G. C. [illegible]—"This outbreak of [illegible] terrible." Cheer up! Probably be over before you know [illegible] spell it.

Mrs. B. S. [illegible]—"What is the mean[illegible] of Great Britain?" [illegible] of it, practically all of it.

R. S. [illegible]—"It is very hard for anyone to [illegible] the fat of the land these days." [illegible] specialists seem to [illegible]

D. S. [illegible]—"Jazz music and [illegible] have rendered great [illegible] Yes, deafness isn't [illegible] it once was.

Mrs. T. B. [illegible]—"I have at last [illegible] to sign the pledge. [illegible] my arms round [illegible] him." And serve [illegible]

T. T. [illegible]—"You've no idea how many [illegible] posted in the pillar-boxes without addresses at all [illegible] That's funny; we've [illegible] that.

D. E. [illegible]—"A Vienna doctor [illegible] invention which can be [illegible] We know some [illegible] thinking with [illegible] for some time.

R. P. [illegible]—"A Hungarian's [illegible] for the last fifteen [illegible] war." But didn't [illegible] strong just about [illegible]

E. H. [illegible]—"Henry Ford says [illegible] woman is in the home." But her [illegible] especially [illegible] say there has ap[illegible] Henry's [illegible] the demand for [illegible]

W. W. [illegible]—"I have decided to become [illegible] And not on the doctor's [illegible] That's easy. The brother has [illegible] to give you any more [illegible]

C. T. [illegible]—"A scientist says that one day [illegible] will become the [illegible] often married men find anything [illegible] laugh about, but that ought to help [illegible] anyway.

F. T. [illegible]—"When I went down to the station [illegible] see my wife off on a [illegible] got my hands all black." You [illegible] didn't have patted the engine.

C. S. [illegible]—"If a nation prepares for war, that [illegible] yet if it does not prepare, that [illegible] too." You mean, that a nation [illegible] be a fool to keep from being a [illegible]

. . . One theory is that the alternative programmes are coming through together on his neighbour's loud-speaker.

G. K. (Harrow).—"War costs over £1,000 a minute." This is enough to make even Carnera jealous.

J. J. (Elstree).—"My wife caught a cold and couldn't speak for a week." Ours is a wonderful climate, isn't it?

F. G. (Farnworth).—"A fat man pushed me when I was getting on the 'bus." Perhaps he was only breathing.

C. H. (Northampton).—"The old-fashioned family doctor is disappearing." So is the old-fashioned family.

L. B. (Goole).—"He said he'd heard a lot about me." But could he prove anything?

C. H. (Hayes).—"Many musicians attack the banjo." Even banjo players are always picking on the instrument.

F. K. (Glasgow).—"Few Scots are employed in match factories." Caledonian workers are strangely reluctant to tip the things.

H. L. (Putney).—"Whenever he tosses with me as to who shall pay I always lose." Perhaps it is a case of two heads being better than one.

SCIENTIST (London, W.).—"Life is a heterogeneous collection of irreconcilable phenomena." It's even worse than that when you're married.

P. N. (Hove).—"Every purchaser of a new American low-priced car is presented with framed rules regarding the treatment of the car." The Tin Commandments?

J. B. B. (Teddington).—"Whilst fishing at Shepperton the other day I caught——" Yes, but you won't beat that £900 whopper on page 35. Now hook it!

F. K. (Clapham).—"I suggest that instead of always meeting in London, Parliament should go on tour." A preliminary parade in each town would be popular, with each Cabinet Minister riding his high horse.

P. N. (Maidenhead).—"As a punishment for drunkenness, an American was sentenced to empty 3,000 bottles of confiscated beer into the sea." It was no consolation for him to watch the herrings getting soused.

The EDITOR Replies

L. P. (Christchurch).—"I sing a lot in America." And a very good idea, too.

P. P. (Radlett).—"I want to prove that I am worthy of my salt." Then show some pep.

A. P. (Granville).—"Wedding-rings are much thinner nowadays." Yes, and they don't seem to last so long, either.

G. J. (Twickenham).—"A suggestion is on foot to dam the Mediterranean." Many people have so expressed themselves when crossing the Bay of Biscay.

C. H. (Golders Green).—"People can't be arrested for what they think." If they could, you wouldn't be in any danger.

A. H. (Cardiff).—"I looked at my wife and she was silent." Many married men would pay a lot to learn how to look like that.

P. G. (Herne Hill).—"Why shouldn't there be women decorators?" But there are. Watch what a girl does when she opens her handbag.

J. N. (Sarrat).—"The oculist said he had double vision." Gas companies will fight for his services as a meter-reader.

P. B. (Nelson).—"Gramophone records have recently been played to wild animals in Africa." And now, no doubt, they are wilder still.

C. J. (Hendon).—"On my wireless set the two programmes come through together and each drowns the other." What an ideal state of affairs!

C. N. (Barnstaple).—"She is still walking out with the same boy." Perhaps they're so scarce that she's going to make him do for another year.

D. A. (Fulham).—"My wife thought the article I sent you was 'slightly incoherent,' but I told her that 'incoherent' wasn't the word." Nor was "slightly."

P. J. (Ely).—"An archæologist has proved that the Ancient Egyptians drank beer." What a pity that the secret of brewing the stuff died with them.

G. K. (Highbury).—"Drugs are now used for altering the colour of the eyes." They will doubtless replace the old-fashioned remedy of raw beef-steak applied as soon after the fight as possible.

W. M. (Southampton).—"A Chicago man has got into trouble for being engaged to four girls at the same time." We shouldn't blame him too severely. We suppose in Chicago even Cupid uses a machine-gun.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

---

NATURALIST (Edinburgh).—"The queen bee has almost 5,000 eyes." Wives haven't nearly so many; it only seems like it.

O. L. (Southend).—"A scientist has discovered that a man can live on onions alone." "Alone" is just the word.

P. K. (Purley).—"Isn't it wonderful where all the new jokes come from?" But it's even more wonderful where the old ones come from.

B. M. (East Grinstead).—"Can you tell me where to look for old periodicals upwards of twenty years old?" Any doctor's waiting-room.

R. D. (Brighton).—"Do people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages?" Why? Are you looking for a girl with money?

MABEL (Dumfries).—"Ladies are not allowed to practise as lawyers in parts of Canada." It is good to see that some country still preserves its respect for women.

D. S. T. (Cardiff).—"Dealers use everything about pigs except their snorts." These, of course, are used by customers on being told the price of a pound of bacon.

T. M. (Portobello).—"I once dreamt that I was in a Government office." That's nothing. Lots of people dream that they are in a Government office and then wake up and find that they are.

VET. (Paisley).—"How would you tell your dog from among fifty others of the same breed?" We would whistle, call his name and smile coaxingly. Then if he paid no attention we should know he was ours.

G. M. (King's Cross).—"A turntable has been installed in London for the use of motorists." It is hoped that two-seater drivers will use this instead of causing confusion by dashing round the revolving doors of restaurants.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-Slips

A couple of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are required, the less printers' errors the better. Actual cuttings must be sent, together with name of publication, Marked "Slips."

"ALLURING LIPS" (Novel):—"The door opened, a FOOTBALL fell on her ears."

EVENING SENTINEL:—"Six months' imprisonment was imposed, the Bench considering POISON would be more beneficial to him."

DURHAM COUNTY ADVERTISER:—"Mr. —— (brother of the bride) attended as best man, whilst Mr. —— (ANOTHER BRIDE) . . ."

POPULAR INVESTMENT:—"The little island (Great Britain) has now become the pivot of a world-wide Empire with a population of FOUR HUNDRED and FIFTY SOULS."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"Six persons were injured, including SEVEN policemen."

WELSH GAZETTE:—"A mare recently had three GOALS at the same time."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"It is doubtful whether his revenue resources will permit him to increase the SINGING Fund."

HEREFORD JOURNAL:—"The murder itself had been committed on the 8th of January, 1770, and Will Watt, Evan and William Thomas had been DAILY executed for it."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"Not until near the finish did a score occur, offside by Bielby giving Osborne the chance to kick an easy GIRL."

CUT THIS OUT and TRY IT!

AN Elizabeth Craig RECIPE

SULTANA CAKE

1 lb. flour. ½ lb. caster sugar. ½ lb. sultanas. Milk. 5 eggs. 2 level teaspoonfuls

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

½ lb. butter. 3 oz. mixed peel.

Line cake tin as usual. Sift flour and baking powder together. Chop peels and pick sultanas, then rub sultanas in flour. Cream butter and sugar in a basin. Beat in eggs one by one. Stir in flour and milk as required. Add fruit, mix thoroughly. Turn into tin. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour and a half.

Home made with BORWICK'S means perfect cakes - pastries

GRAVES FASHIONS

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe Costumes, Robes, Frocks and Coats for all occasions made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

PATTERNS POST FREE

We issue a complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now stating the style of garment you are interested in and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with self measurement form and all necessary information. We have 30 years reputation for straight forward trading.

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE

We also offer amazing value in Fure Sports Wear Shirts, Jumpers Underwear, Corsets and Hosiery also Maids' and Children's Wear. Our Persian Prices are for Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and complete purchase in monthly payments if entirely satisfied. Full approval in your own home and money back if not disappointed.

J. GGRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

FROM 5/- MONTHLY

MARRIAGE.

Do not spoil your paradise before you enter it.

Venereal Disease has prevented or ruined many marriages.

The very first risk may be once too often, and then, if treatment is neglected, painful complications and long years of suffering and misery may follow.

Should any exposure to infection have taken place, a doctor should immediately be consulted, or advice sought at one of the Free Treatment Centres, where advice, and treatment if necessary, can be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

The earlier the treatment the easier the cure.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, Dept. P., British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers, free of charge, at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

ACTINA KILLS CATARRH

—that subtle, dangerous and active enemy to the human system—by destroying the germ growths which cause Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrhal Diseases of the Ear which cause Headnoises and partial deafness.

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HYCOLITE LIQUID ★ WALLPAPER ★

Material stocked by 1,000 stockists in addition to 5,000 direct customers.

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7 lb. sample tin 3/-, carriage forward, one week only. Can be applied by any individual. Costs one-third of wallpaper.

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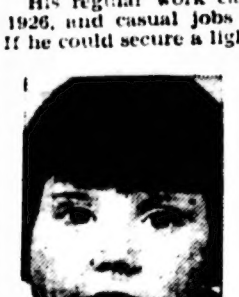
Fill in the Coupon in the Nestle's Chocolate advertisement on p. 14 for FREE Presentation Gift List and 5 Free Coupons.

EASTER HOPE

THIS child cannot be said to take after her father, who is painfully thin. For the last nine years the father has suffered from gastritis, for which he underwent an operation in 1923 and is still under hospital treatment.

His regular work came to an end in 1926, and casual jobs are hard to find. If he could secure a light job—preferably outside work—he says it would be heaven.



This bonny kiddie needs clothes.

His six children, the eldest of whom is twelve, himself and his wife "live" in two rooms, for which they pay 9s. 9d. per week. At the present time the arrears owing weigh on his mind like lead.

So do his week-ends, when his children have to stop indoors for want of clothes. The garments they have worn during the week are washed on Sunday so that they can go clean to school on Monday.

Also, he and his wife suffer acute depression seeing other people going out shopping, when they themselves have no money to shop with.

Easter is here, with its assurances of new life and fresh hope. Our readers have the power to pour new life and hope into the hearts of many utterly weary souls, if they will send all the Easter eggs, in the shape of donations, they can to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

Then:

"Oh, what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them,
'Ye did it unto Me!'
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. *All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny, that is earmarked to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* John Bull.

Mr. C. Morton (Rowledge), 2s. 6d.; J. O. F. (Derby), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Sainsbury (Chorlton-cum-Hardy), 10s.; H. J. Murphy (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; John Ellis (Walhern), 1s.; Mr. F. C. Bennett (Southend-on-Sea), 10s.; Mrs. A. J. Clarke (Four Oaks), 5s.; Anon. (Coventry), 5s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Mrs. E. Young (Stockton-on-Tees), 2s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Woody's Lucky Ninth, 1s.; Anon. (Radcliffe Hall), 2s. 6d.; Mother's, 1s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 5s.; Jeanne, 2s. 6d.; W. Parry (Eastern Transvaal), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhall Camp), 12s. 6d.; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; J. E. Wilson (Barrow-in-Furness), 5s.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; Mrs. Goodenough (St. Mary Cray), 3s.; C. L. F. D. (Warrington), 2s. 6d.; Grace (Camden Town), 4s.; Mrs. H. E. Orris (East Greenwich), 10s.; Toller (Dorset), 2s. 6d.; Bill and Lott, 2s.; Arthur and Nellie (S. O. S.), 4s. 6d.; Mrs. S. S. D., 1s.; No. 2 W. A., 6d.; G. Stewart (Lumsden), 2s.; G. A. W., 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Widnes), 2s.; John Bailey (Saltley), 5s.; R. Bird (Potteryate), 10s.; Billie, 4½d.; "?," 1s. 6d.; Mr. W. J. Williams (Ynyshen), 1s.; Bob's Girl, 1s. 7d.; Miss A. S. Siddons, 2s.; Sid Lewis, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Bangor), 3s. 6d.; A Thank Offering, 6d.; H. D. Baglow, 2s. 6d.; Nancy, 5s.; W. Crossley (Batley), 4s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; M. L. D., 6d.; Good Luck (Hartlepool), 6d.; W. J. Hallam (Derby), 6d.; W. H. W. (B'ham), 6d.; P. C. (Edinburgh), 1s.; Alfred Wilson (Manchester), 2s.; T. S. Caw (Airdrie), 5s.; Mrs. F. Donohoe (Ontario, Canada), 4s.; Mrs. Langton (Peckham), 6d.; Thomas Geli, 6d.; C. A. C. (B'head), 1s.; M. S., 1s., Mother's, 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Mr. Edwards (Dartmouth), 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

QUEUEING UP *in Quest of Health*

The daily queue outside the London Gen[eral Hospital].

ANY day outside the London General Hospital you may see a long line of patients waiting for treatment, eloquent testimony to the wonderful work our hospitals are doing. Go into the wards and you will find every bed full. Sickness is taking a very heavy toll just now throughout the country.

JOHN BULL, in its own unique way, helps the sick too, through its Great Free Insurance.

You may need a cheque from JOHN BULL some day. Have you signed the forms? If not, do so now.

SICKNESS BENEFITS—£5 5s. each.

We give below the names of a few readers who have received cheques recently on account of [illness] measles, diphtheria, etc.

LINCOLN.—Mr. E. Ranyard, South Lane, Bluebrook.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—Mrs. W. Henderson, 23, St. Saviours Rd.
BASINGSTOKE.—Mr. C. Hutchings, 108, Flaxfield Road.
BAMBER BRIDGE, LANCS.—Mr. W. Plumb, "Synsday," Chorley Rd.
SPALDING, LINCS.—Mr. C. Burton, 7, Ashview Villas, Clay Lake.
NETHERFIELD, NOTTS.—Mr. H. W. Wright, 11, Norman Street.
ENFIELD HIGHWAY, MIDDLESEX.—Mrs. K. Martin, 28, St. James Road.
NR. BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET.—Mr. G. T. Williams, Chilton Polden.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Mason, 33, Low Wood Rd., Stockland Green.
NR. SHEFFORD, BEDS.—Mrs. S. Izzard, New Road, Clifton.
ALVASTON, DERBY.—Mrs. A. Bailey, 48, Southwood Street.
BATTERSEA, S.W.11.—Mr. B. G. Mitchell, 36, Limbury Road.
CLYDEBANK, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. Campbell, 21, Dumbarton Rd.
UPPER VENTNOR, I.O.W.—Miss K. Cox, 4, Lucknow Cottages.
GARTCOSH, NR. GLASGOW.—Mrs. B. Raybould, 90, Garthoch Rd.
HOLBECK, LEEDS.—Mrs. S. Lawn, 14, Derwent Street.
GRAVESEND.—Mrs. E. J. Mockett, 4, Augustine Road.
WALSALL, STAFFS.—Mr. P. Lloyd, 234a, Green Lane.
HARLEY, S.O.T.—Mr. J. Jackson, 11, Hawkesmore Street.
DARTFORD, KENT.—Mr. E. Lown, 17, Fulwich Road.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. N. J. Adams, 44, Prospect Hill, Spinney Hill Park.
BRY-Y-BERTH, PENGAM.—Mr. E. Jones, 30, Powell Street.
NR. BARNSLEY, YORKS.—Mr. A. Jones, 2, Ebenezer St., Great Houghton.
MICKLEFIELD, LEEDS.—Mr. L. Barber, 61, Garden Village.
CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. S. Stenner, 107, High Street.
BLAINA, MON.—Mr. H. B. Smith, 35, Alexandra Street.
FROME.—Mrs. A. Morgan, 11, Christchurch Street East.
SITTINGBOURNE, KENT.—Mr. G. T. Fletcher, 14, Oak Road, Easthall Nurston.
WOODHURST, HUNTS.—Mrs. L. M. Brazier, South Street.
NR. PRESTON, LANCS.—Mr. R. Blundell, 47, Mill Street, Farington.
LEYLANDSTONE, N[ear] Mr. [E.] Allen, 48, Cranleigh Road.
BOURNEMOUTH.—Mr. [S. Nicks], Columbia Fish Stores, Columbia Road.
RAMSELL, SOMERSET.—Mr. [A.] Hutchings, High Street.
BUSHEY HEATH, HERTS.—Mr. [F.] Jeanes, 10, Tithe Avenue.
MORETON, NR. HEREFORD.—Mr. [H.] G. Janey, Upper Cobbleash.
TIR-Y-BERTH, PENGAM.—Mrs. [L.] Parratt, 18, Pond Street.
WALTHAMSTOW.—Mrs. [L.] Bright, 8, Campbell Road.
ELLISTOWN, NR. [COALVILLE].—Mr. [A.] A. Pox, 111, Hotel Road.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Mrs. [E.] Gee, 225, Curzon Road, Hurst.
CUSTOM HOUSE, E.—Mr. [H.] Butcher, 403, Prince Regent Lane.
BROMLEY, KENT.—Mr. [A.] 18, Godwin Road.
ROTHWELL, NR. [LEEDS].—Mr. R. Smith, 2, [illegible].
DIDCOT, BERKS.—Mr. [A.] 5, Harwell Road.
SHERBURNE.—Mr. [illegible] Norville.
NR. RUGBY.—Mr. [illegible] W. Bolton.
MAIDSTONE.—Mr. [illegible] Russell, 109, [illegible].

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident, "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 19/4/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to [illegible] agent for the regular weekly [illegible] JOHN BULL. Please register me as [illegible] reader.

....
Reader's Signature

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefit conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. [illegible]

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER
"STILL GOING STRONG."
"I am writing this letter with one of your Pens I had from you in August, 1917. The nib is delightfully smooth running and a pleasure to use. It gets double the use of hand pens."—R. Nagsowang, Westhill School, Nottingham.
CASH THE COUPONS!
Everybody's rushing the coupons! A wonderful opportunity to become the possessor of a JOHN BULL Pen, with which is presented a
2 6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free!
The Pen is fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Each is accompanied by written guarantee. The Pencil is heavily plated, complete with re-fills.
'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.
Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.
For the 5 - Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-.
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2 6.
Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.
State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).
Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All Records Smashed

Bullets' Huge One-Week First!

£900

£50 OTHER PRIZES £25
10 OF £5 10 OF £2 10
25 OF £1 50 OF 10/-
500 OF 2/6 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

THREE FIRSTS IN ONE - HURRY UP!

THE nine-round sum of **£900**, the biggest prize JOHN BULL has ever offered in a one-week contest, awaits the sender of the best *Bullet* this week.

Think of it! A few minutes' thought may this week bring you three ordinary First Prizes in one—but you must think quickly for this record cheque.

This is how you make a ***Bullet***. To one of the *Examples* given, add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment.

Here is a specimen. Suppose you choose the *Example* THROUGH THE TUNNEL, the added words "TRAFFIC STREAM" WE'D WELCOME, would complete a typical *Bullet*. A careful study of the prize-winning lines published this week will show you the type of effort which scores.

Hurry up with your *Bullets*—they must be in by Saturday, April 26.

CASH AND HAMPERS WON THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No 753.

Mr. A. H. Law, 10, Southbrook Road, Norbury, S.W.

Example:—DAD BOUGHT A CAR, AND
Bullet:—EVERLASTINGLY "CALLS ON MAKER."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

H. YATES, 5, Ralph Street, Bolton.
Example—Gone To Sleep
Bullet—Trade Gone To Wakeful!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

F. P. Heppinstall, 16, Hart Road, Hartlepool, Durham.
Example—One Of The First
Bullet—Because He Valued Seconds.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

ELLIS, 16, Cash's Lane, Coventry.
Badly Disappointed By Delegates' "Limitations Ramsay.

A. HANCOCK, 21, Hall Place, Spalding.
Cheer Up, Farmer—We're All Grumbling Now

M. KILSON, 7, South Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks.
In Industrial C... "Millstones" Won't Build Mills.

KNIGHT, 49, St. ...n's Hill, Shrewsbury.
Looking For An O...ning—Ready-made, Unless Youth

MASON, Penhal... King Edward Road, Maidstone
Conquering The World—The Pen—Signing Cheque

G. MOORE, P... nr. Tewkesbury.
Looking For An O...ning—Any Kind—Any-body Kind

Entered on ... Prize Coupon.)

B. H. NAYLOR, ... Argyle Square, Sunder-land.
Conquering The W... "Mothers United"
Reading ... Leeds

SARSON, ... ns Road, Dagenham.
Hyphen ... Dash" — Acquires

TAYLOR, ... Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, S.E.
Looking For An O...ning—Make Yourself A Crack.

"BULLETS" RULES.

The First Prize ... be awarded for what the opinion of ... judges in consultation with the Editor ... best Bullet received by the other ... order of merit, the being considered ... ness and originality. Editor ... that every Bullet must have ... ful consideration by a competent staff ... qualified judges.

Only two attempts ... may be written on each coupon and ... postal order must be enclosed at the rate ... 6d. for each coupon used. ... be made payable to Bullets and ... Co. Competitors must write their ... and addresses and date of sending ... order on the back of postal order ... number of which must be duly noted on ... coupon submitted. Coupons must not ... mutilated.

The Editor's decision on any matter of competition with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects ... and acceptance of this is an express ... tion of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Miss D. WHITTINGHAM, 147, Northview Drive, Westcliff.
Tasting Freedom—Then "Digesting" Facts, Emigrants.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

G. H. BRUTY, 13, The Brent, Dartford.
Back To Britain—Emigrants—Turning Up *Tramps*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

S. G. COMBS, 25, Carter Street, Mossley, Lancs.
Herald Of Spring—Painters In—Artists Out.

J. T. JAMES, 3a, Market Place, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.
Gone To Sleep—Members—Wives Sitting Up.

A. E. JEFFERY, Ravenswood Chase, Rochford.
Looking For An Opening—Found It—In Boots!

J. MACKENZIE, 4, New Buildings, New Lanark.
On The Home Front—Let's Dig Ourselves *Out*.

R. PACKROFT, 17, Torriana Avenue, N.W.
Sadly Disappointed—"Limelight" Wasn't "Worth Candle."

J. H. ROSCOE, 50, East Lane, Wembley.
If Everybody Were Honest — Nothing "Lifted"—Everything "Elevated."

H. SMITHER, 22, Grant Road, Croydon.
On The Home Front—Spring "Offensive"—And Father.

G. W. SWAINSTON, Fenton Street, Boosbeck.
The Human Touch—"Operating," Preserves Hospital's "Life."

G. W. TITTERINGTON, 3, Knutsford Avenue, Whalley Range, Manchester.
Conquering The World—Speed—Isn't Slackness, Too?

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED.

A list of 200 Hampers and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for 4,000 guineas awarded to the first Prize-winner in competition No. 752 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Gibson, 45, Broomlands Street, Paisley, N.B.

Advance "Examples" for Bullets" No. 758.

Hint For The Government—Making A Will—Magic Power—At The End—Hero Of The Hour—Taking Things Quietly—If Only I Had—Blinding Us—Indignant Reader—Slippery—Getting Hot—Coming Between—Mr. Clever—From Top to Bottom—Filling Up Forms—Poor—I Like A Joke, But—In The Minority—A Masterstroke—Man Who Gets On—According To Sonny—Last Resort—Waiting For A Second—Harassing—Coming To His Senses—Strong Inducement—He Went To The Races And—Taxing Our Patience—Walking—Certain Cure—Leaves Us Wondering—Woman At The Wheel.

(Closing Saturday, May 2.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 757

THROUGH THE TUNNEL	ALONG THE ROAD	ONE MORE
"THEY'RE OFF!"	UP CAME A POLICEMAN AND	FOREIGNERS
WELL SPOKEN	WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WHEN	WHAT'S WRONG WITH US
WEARY AND WORN	IN AN EMERGENCY	LOVING
IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME	RENT	NO FRIENDS
HIS SUCCESS	MAN IN POSSESSION	HONESTY PAYS
UNDETERRED	COUNTED OUT	IN BETWEEN
I DARESAY	FOND FAREWELL	NOBODY WOULD GRUMBLE IF
STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART	THE AUTHOR	MAN I'D LIKE TO MEET
TALKING ABOUT HORSES	NEVER MAKES MISTAKES	LAST PENNY
HUSBAND v. WIFE	IN THE PAST	

Example _____ Closing: SAT., Apr. 26
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(757) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 26
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(757) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 26
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(757) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 26
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(757) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 757, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 757 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Free weekly help awaits you in *Bullets Bulletin*. Sample copy sent to applicants who enclose half-penny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. (crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL) brings 12 weeks' issues post paid. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The First Prize in "Bullets" No. 759 will be 2,500 Guineas.

500 BIG CASH PRIZES Next Week Only!

The Unique Strengthening and Nourishing Powers of BOVRIL are the best measure of its value.

BOVRIL

The Ideal Stimulant Nutrient

BOVRIL makes delicious Sandwiches

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